

**Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumi**

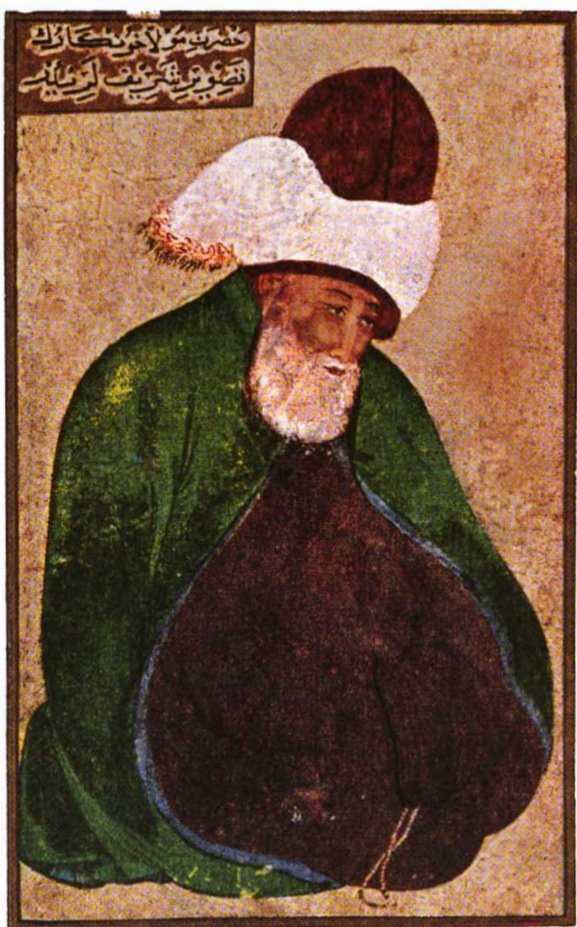
**Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 14**

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes

Volume 14



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

archegos



Ministry of Culture Publications of the Republic of Turkey/2533

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Volume 14

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Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî

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Echo Publications
Los Angeles, California USA

Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Turkish Republic Ministry of Culture

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to the attention of the general public.

ISBN: 1-887991-16-6

First Printing 2001

in the United States of America

in a joint publication

by

Turkish Republic

Ministry of Culture

ISBN: 975-17-1505-9 (set)

975-17-2551-8

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Echo Publishing

Los Angeles, California, USA

Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

Acknowledgments

My sincere gratitude goes to
Ms. Millicent Alexander, Ms. Mary Cuizon, and
the Ministry of Culture of Turkey
for their continued support.

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Translator's Note

“Don’t lower yourself
By knocking on every door.
You are what you look for.”*

It takes some time to knock on Mevlana’s door, but anyone who gets there, stays. That’s probably why the West appreciates Mevlana more than the East. This is because they have tried many doors, but found very little substance behind them, while the East is still trying.

My suggestion comes from a story from the *Mesnevi*. When you knock on the door and someone asks who you are, don’t say, “I am such and such,” say, “I am you.” Because there is no room for you and Him inside.

Again, my gratitude goes towards the late Mrs. Peart. I would also like to thank Alex and Mary for their continuous support and help.

Nevit O. Ergin

*Mutekaarip Mahsur G. 28



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 14
Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes

Mefilû Mefailûn Feilûn

114.

Verse 1285

Page 21 of original Divan, Volume II.

We don't sit anywhere
But at the bottom of heart's blood
As long as we don't see the Beloved.

We have been lost on the road of love
Of that beauty of beauties.
We won't be cured with advice.

There is a whole town of sorrows in our heart.
What small remedy would be good for us?

We are in the circle of divine lovers
Like precious stones on a ring.

Never do we talk about reason and soul.
If we did, we would be burned in fires.

Don't walk bravely, even if you are saved
From danger on the way of soul.
We are in an ambush.

We are stirring troubles even in heaven.
How can we fit on earth?

We have been purified even from pure, clean soul.
Why should we look like a picture of Chinese beauty?

Thousands of states have withered and faded,
But we stay fresh like jasmine all the time.

We are under suspicion in front of existence.
Behind the curtain of Absence
We are safe and secure.

We turn our back to that existence
Because we are like a baby
Inside the belly of Absence.

O Tebriz, look and see what kind of crown
There is at our head because of being
The slave and servant of Shemseddin.



115.

Verse 1297

We started to drink all over again.
Put your foot down.
We started to work all over again.

We catch that infallible, beautiful charmer
Suddenly, when he is drunk.

Page 21 of original Divan, Volume II.

We have acquired hundreds of Egypt's full of sugar
Because of the beauty of our Joseph.

There was a moon in the house of beauty.
We arrived there and caught him,
Closed the door and window.

We have found that fountain of immortality
In our lungs, just like water.

As soon as we saw the tip of His throne,
We grabbed his belt like a drunk.

Every form without Him is dead.
In fact, we took every form of life from Him.

We considered every living thing
As the grass of hell without Him.

Everybody picked up pearls from the Mine.
We took a silver-bodied one from the Mine.

We acquired a beauty like the moon,
A charm from the spark of a sun.

Shems of Tebriz has gone on a journey.
Because of that, we follow him like the moon.



116.

Verse 1308

I don't want anyone besides God, who has no need.
I don't wish for anything but the sky of eternity.

I don't even want the thought of living
Without Him, just in case it goes to His ear.

I don't want to drink without Him,
Even if the sun carries my jar.

I am like the residue of the grape
That doesn't want anything
But the kick of pressing feet
And the striking of hands.

If there is a moment when my soul is free
From the suffering of His wounds,
I don't want that moment.

The time has come to become pure soul.
I don't want the troubles of flesh anymore.

In order to close the cover, He said,
"Ahmed. I don't want anyone but Ahmed, Ehad."¹

Everything is Shems of Tebriz.
That is the truth. I don't want the number.



117.

Verse 1316

I don't know what has happened to me.
I am impatient today.

I settled in mind's eye.
I have no place in the eyes of love.

Alas, I stay on the earth,
Yet I am the sharp sword of time.

It is amazing that I keep running above the sky
With a body that belongs to the earth.

With the power of love, I carry the load
That even the sky cannot carry.²

I bring His fire from love's chest
To the heart of the stones and rocks.

My mouth is filled with sweetness
From His pure sugars and honey.

I am a hard knot of God's Shems of Tebriz.
I am a difficult epigram of this world.



118.

Verse 1324

If we are the shame of love's sorrow,
What are we doing in this world?

If we settle down without seeing Your face,
Don't give us peace and comfort, my God.

O Joseph of Josephs, where are you?
Our face is turned toward that word.

Every morning we pass
Through that divided hair of yours
Like the morning breeze.

You are counting the curls of your hair.
That number is in our mind.

Your eyes have enticed our soul.
We have eyes on that prey.

O beauty, that fountain of life sprang from Your arms.
We gathered this fire from You.

How did we come to cry from that tulip garden?
How did we get pale and wilted?
What kind of tulip garden do we have?

We say, "We have neither gold, silver nor beloved,"
Because of the jealousy of Shems of Tebriz.



119.

Verse 1333

We must have been born from a houri.
That is why we are always so cheerful.

We should submit ourselves
To the desires of joy and pleasure
And become the chief justice of love.

Love is our builder. That's why
We have such a good manner.

I open my eyes in Your love. I watch Your love.
That's the only way I can get some relief.

Because our desire is no desire,
We always attain our wishes.

Once we become slave to love's slaves,
We turn into Keykubad and Keyhusrev.³

Since we are the Joseph of that Egypt's saint,
It doesn't matter if we are in the auction place.

There is a curtain on the face of Joseph.
We would be wise men behind that curtain.

For sure wind catches the curtain.
We would keep waiting for the wind.

We gave our heart to Selahaddin in order
To have him remember us, to keep us in his heart.



120.

Verse 1343

○ my all-night-long backgammon friend,
Do you know why I am so pale and weak today?

While we were playing backgammon, heart
Blamed you for cheating and stealing dice.

“O heart,” I said, “bring the dice.”
I am sorry about the loss of dice.

My heart opened his arms and said “Search.”
He said, “Take them if they are there.
I didn’t put them in my mouth.”

I became crazy, insane because of the sorrows of dice.
I tortured heart all night long.

He was saying *yes* sometimes, at other times, *no*.
And, time by time, he was flirting.

I told him, amorously, “I don’t believe you.
You took them. That is obvious.”

“How can I be a thief?” heart asked.
“I am the treasurer of even the blue sky.”

The donkey threw me to the ground during
These arguments. Even the donkey realized
That I was a gullible, naive person.

The donkey has gone. The rope is broken.
Heart said, after all, “Why should I go
And run after a trace of its dust?”



121.

Verse 1353

We have spent years, our life with the love
That has no beginning of the beginning,
But we haven't been able to free ourselves
From the gossip of the jealous.

These noises don't even frighten women.
Don't read those to us. We are braver than brave.

We will do man's job in a manly way.
We don't hide what we do.

Don't fool us with gold and silver,
Because our face has turned to pale-yellow gold
From the dagger of love.

There are thousands of yells of bravo for sorrow!
More of it is for us,
Because we are the friends of sorrow.



122.

Verse 1358

We would choose every chance to get together,
Sit next to each other.

Friends, stay a little bit longer,
So we can see each other's face.

Don't think of us like that. We understand
And know each other from the inside.

We all sit together now. The wine glass
Is in our hand, the rose on our sleeve.

At this moment we have a journey
From this world to the other, concealed world.
We are the friend of jasmine and cypress.

We would go to the garden and meadow every day
And watch the blooming roses.

Page 22 of original Divan, Volume II.

We would pile up all we have gathered
From the garden in front of us
And choose the best ones.

We would pick up bouquets and bouquets of roses
To scatter for lovers.

Don't hide your heart from us.
We are not thieves. We are trustworthy people.

It is right here. The smell of that rose
Comes from our breath. We are the rose sapling
Of the rose garden of full faith.

The world is filed with the smell
That comes from that rose.
What does the rose try to tell?
"That's the way we are."

Since we received its smell from the wind,
The same wind carries our smell there.
We become old and worn, but it will rejuvenate
And make us well again.

We are the slaves and servants of love,
But just like love, we must also lie in wait.



123.

Verse 1371

Yesterday, I took an oath.
I took an oath especially for your soul.

I won't take my eyes from Your face.
Even if You draw a sword and kill me,
I won't leave You.

I won't look for help from others,
Because my suffering is from Your separation.

I won't be a man if I say, "Ah,"
When you throw me in the fire upside-down.

I rose from Your road like dust,
Then, again, I settled down on Your road.



124.

Verse 1376

Today, I am not sad. I am happy.
I divorced grief three times.

Wherever there is one in sorrow,
Be a soul to his soul.
Mustache, he would be
Either my chief or my master.

Today, I tied my belt with joy.
Today, I pulled the veil from the moon face.

Today, I am graceful and pleasant.
It looks like I was born from kindness.

The beloved,
Who didn't give me a kiss before today,
Wanted a kiss, but I didn't give it to him.

What dream did I see last night
That caused me to reach my wishes today?

You said, "Go ahead. You are a sultan."
"Yes, I am nice. My name and fame are auspicious."

I am drunk without wine or cupbearer.
I am Keykubad without a throne or kulah.⁴
How could any fear reach me?
Subhanallah,⁵ where am I?



125.

Verse 1384

I will tell you openly all about Him,
But secretly from the others.

Even if I talk among the others,
No ears will be able to hear except yours.

I say words without lips and mouth
Just like it is in dreams.

I won't cry anywhere
But at the bottom of the well.
I will tell the secret of your sorrows
In a place other than this.

I sit on earth. I tell the situations
Of the world to the sky.

As much as I talk about a trace
And sign of him, the beloved hides even more.

When I start crying from His grief
Other pleasant souls start to cry.



126.

Verse 1391

We should come nowhere but to the heart.
We should not stay out of heart
For even one moment.

We resemble a cut reed.
We don't have branches, but we have a voice.

We don't deserve anything but the fire of love,
Like the lover's burned heart.

We are the particle of love's sun.
O love, rise so we can also rise.

Look for us among the particles;
We are the smallest of all.

If you can't find us,
We will give you a clue.

When the sun rises and reflects on the palace,
We are above, around the windows of the palace.



127.

Verse 1398

O enemy of my namaz and fasting,
O my long life and continuing happiness,

You tear every curtain I put on.
The time for putting on curtains
Has already passed.

I resemble earth. You are my spring.
All my secrets are revealed because of you.

I became prey. How could I fly?
I am checkmated. How can I play?

My moth has jumped into the fire.
Why should I be timid?

You are closer to me than my own mind.
How can I turn to you?

Melt me. I am sugar.
Either I freeze or melt.
I am sugar. Sugar.

Don't stop your help and loyalty.
Hear my begging once more.

Do Your spell for me once more.
Once more, adorn me with Jesus' spirit.

Order my passage from the toll man
At the top of the bridge.

Be silent. He doesn't need to be told.
I am making nonsense with my talks.

Be silent. Since I am Eyaz,
Surely the end will be Mahmud."



128.

Verse 1410

Since my soul became Your friend,
Wherever I go, I am in a rose garden.

Since Your face became company to my heart,
I am not on the earth. I am above the sky.

If my shadow stays in this world,
It doesn't matter. I am in that world.

The thing that doesn't please
Is temporary for me. No matter what, I am content.
That's what I am.

I fall in such a nice sleep
On board Love's ship.
I am traveling while asleep.

Even the lifeless ones bloom today.
I am among those who are alive today.

Since I am honored with the Ayet,⁷
*Who thought to write with the pen.*²⁸
I will also read the unwritten Levh.⁹

It doesn't matter if my store is closed
As long as the agate mine is open.

My heart quickened from that big glass.
My heart is quick, but my head has slowed down.

O cupbearer who offers a throne,
Come close so I can seat You
Above my eyes and head.

Don't talk with me about anything
But candles and sugar.
Don't tell me anything I don't know.



129.

Verse 1421

Tercî-Bend

O sleep, go away from my friend.
Go away so I won't be left alone.

You put me on top of the fire like a saucepan.
I don't know what you are cooking.

Page 23 of original Divan, Volume II.

O love, you don't give me mercy
If I scratch my head for even one moment.

You closed your ears quietly with your anger
So as not to hear my wailing.

O my soul, don't send us to this world often,
Because we are not from this world.

Open my way so I can make my soul
Reach the world of soul faster.

Help me. Be my guide so I can pull
My belongings close to Your side.

O soul of those forms, if you will listen,
I will tell you another Tercî.

You are cascading water.
We are the water wheel.
Our head turns like a millstone.

You are the sun. We resemble particles.
Rise behind the mountain so we can rise.

Give more honey for iskencubin,¹⁰
Because we keep increasing the vinegar.

We sometimes wonder where you are.
Sometimes we wonder, silently, where we are.

Sometimes we wonder about our generosity.
Sometimes we wonder about our greed
To jump over and grab the dice.

Sometimes we watch with admiration
Our migration from place to place.
Sometimes we wonder
About coming back to our senses.

Sometimes we are copper, sometimes gold.
Sometimes we become secret chemistry
For both of them.

Second Tercî, second joy, second desire.
Yahay,¹¹ giving and taking all from Hay.¹²

Sometimes he is cheerful from earning,
Sometimes from spending and throwing away.

Sometimes He tries to acquire fruit like a sapling.
Sometimes He enjoys scattering the fruit he obtained.

Sometimes He is the Hatem¹³ of time.
Sometimes he is Abbas¹⁴
Wandering with a basket in his hand.

Whether we are that and the other is secondary,
Or we are different than You.
I wish these opposites didn't exist.

Yet, we come to existence from these opposites,
To the lower or upper parts of them.

To become exalted or lowered
Is all His design, just like hanging
The lamp up or lowering it down.

For that reason, this order and harmony
Are for His destruction.
His destruction is for exaltation.

So many weak and broken-wing birds
Wounded the trunks of thousands of elephants.



130.

Verse 1445

*A*re we in water? How do we know?
In what exuberance or malice are we?
How do we know?

We are more drunk with every breath
By the wine whose trace is not known.
How do we know?

Our face is turned into gold
Until we see the pearl of your beauty.
How do we know?

We are headless and footless
Since Your love has held our feet.
How do we know?

You are our wet and our dry.
We are so nicely wet and dry.
How do we know?

We hold the main curl of Your hair.
We feel good. How do we know?

When the universe turned upside-down,
We also became upside-down.
How do we know?

When the garden and meadow fade and dry up,
We will be out to pasture on You.
How do we know?

If the roses in the garden wither,
We will gather roses from You.
How do we know?

If the sky shows thousands of moons,
We only watch You. How do we know?

If the world is covered with sugar,
We drink only wine. How do we know?

O Shems of Tebriz, we turned into a moon
In front of your sun. How do we know?



131.

Verse 1457

Why did I break my repentance?
My God, why didn't I close
My mouth to that morsel?

When anxiety and fear encircled me
Wave by wave,
Why did I choose to sit in the middle?

In the end, I saw the place of everything
In my mind.
I have been saved hundreds of times,
Thousands of times.

It seems like I have grown tired
Of being a servant to God,
Because I have been worshipping my stomach
With all my heart and soul.

At the same time, I have read of
*The one who made all his Anxiety just one*¹⁵
From the Prophet.

How did it happen that smoke has settled
Down in my heart? How come
I didn't jump out like a piece of dust?

My hand, that writes these word with regret,
Should have written them at that time.



132.

Verse 1464

I have gone.
One less headache in the world.
I am free from suspense, have saved my soul.

I said goodbye to the ones I hang out with,
Then I carried my soul to the land
Whose trace never appears.

I have moved out of this house with six doors,
Have taken all my belongings
To the land of Absence.

I saw the hunting Sultan
Of the land of Absence.
I flew like an arrow
And took my bow.

The club of death came to my side.
I snatched the ball of happiness
From the middle.

An amazing moon reflected in my window.
I went to the roof carrying a ladder.

The dome of that sky where souls are gathered
Was much nicer than I used to think.

My rose branch is faded and withered.
I took it back to the rose garden.

I took my money and belongings to the source
Of the mine, like a customer.

I smuggled the gold coin which is called soul
From the counterfeiter to the jeweler.

I saw a world with no boundary
In the land of Absence.
I took my black tent to that place.

Don't cry for me. I am happy on this journey.
My road has reached the place of the heavens.

Engrave these meaningful words on my tombstone:
I saved my head from troubles and trials.

Page 24 of original Divan, Volume II.

O body, sleep nicely at this place.
I took your news to the skies.

Close your mouth. I took all the wailing
To the One who created the world.

Don't talk about the sorrow of heart from now on,
Because I took the heart
To the One who knows all the secrets.



133.

Verse 1480

“I am fire for you,” He said.
Yes, but Your love and Your sun are in my heart.

If I smell one rose without Your love,
Burn me, right away, like a thorn.

I keep silent like a fish, but I flutter
Like a wave, like a sea. I have no constancy,
No peace.

O One who seals my mouth,
Pull my reins toward You.

What is Your intention? How do I know?
All I know is that I belong to this caravan.

I chew the cud of your sorrow.
My mouth foams like a drunk camel's.

As much as I hide and keep silent,
I am still bare and open at the temple of love.

I am underground, like seed,
Awaiting the order of spring.

When spring comes,
I will breathe without my breath,
Scratch my head without my head.



134.

Verse 1489

We have been lost in time, but we
Have found the way
To the neighborhood of the Beloved.

If we spread our heart's fire,
Time also disappears.

When we scratch the head of the instigator,
He will have neither head nor mind.

There is such a thing called death.
People are his morsel.
We swallow him once, without hesitation.

You have been in deep debt with this gambling,
Yet, we keep loaning money to the players.

The only thing left to pledge is our soul.
We will give that and be free.



135.

Verse 1495

We are lovers, modest and poor.
We are children, young and old.

We resemble gun powder and dry wood.
We flare up and burn with love's fire.

We flare with love's fire,
But last longer than lightning.

Like lions, we drink the blood from the lungs.
We are not leopards, not fond of cheese.

They ask, "Whose hand are you holding?"
We hold Your hand.

We are like a thorn
Among the ones who worship themselves.
But we are like silk
To the one who worships the Beloved.

It is impossible to stay away from the lover
Who burns like a candle.
We are like the wick for that candle.

Don't run away from us, because we are mixed
Like milk and honey. We have merged.

You are a peerless hunt master.
We are peerless prey.

As far as your beauty is concerned, you are the oven.
Put us in it, because we are dough.

Spread us under Your feet.
We are like mats under Your feet.



136.

Verse 1506

We are alive with the light of greatness,
Strangers and, at the same time, very close friends.

Self is like a worm, but we are inside.
We are adding life to our life
With Joseph of Egypt.

If we show our face, the moon repents
To see and admire himself.

When we open our arms, our wings,
Even the sun burns his arms and wings.

This human form is a cover for the face.
We are the Kible for all prostration.

Look at that breath. Don't see the human,
So we can grab your soul with our favor.

Satan has seen us, one by one,
And thought we were separated from God.

In fact, Shems of Tebriz is also pretext.
We are the ones who are peerless
In beauty and kindness.

But, in order to hide from the people,
You still say he is a noble sultan
And we are the poor ones.

We have nothing to do with sultans or the poor.
We are happy because we deserve that sultan.

We are annihilated by the light of Shems of Tebriz.
There is no *I* or *we* that remains in annihilation.



137.

Verse 1517

*L*ove is flying to the sky
And tearing hundreds of curtains.

Love is to be free from self in the first breath,
To be lifted above the feet from the first step.

Love is to consider this world unseen
And to see one's own eye.

O heart, I said, "Congratulations
For reaching the circle of lovers."

To look into that land of glance,
To run at the streets of hearts!

"O heart, from where did this breath come?
Why all this fluttering and struggling?"

"O bird, talk with bird's language.
I understand those words."

Heart said, "I was at the work place.
I ran toward the house of mud.

I flew from art's house and arrived
At the palace of the One who creates art.

They keep pulling me up when I lose my feet.
How can I tell of the composition of forms?



138.

Verse 1527

O smiling spring, God gives protection
From the evil eye. What a smiling beauty!

O my beauty, I am seeing you smiling
On the branch of the pomegranate tree
In the garden of heaven.

Don't stay away from me for even one moment,
O smiling, beautiful-cheeked Beloved.

Hundreds of red roses are in love with you,
Around the fountain, smiling meadows.

O smiling sultan of sultans, the city of earth
Becomes ruined without you.

The image of your face hunts his prey
Like a lion in the forest of heart.


You come from a different side every day,
Like a restless lake.

The attributes of Shems of Tebriz make such a sea
That it is filled with big, smiling pearls.



139.

Verse 1535

 friend whose face is cheerful,
I wish your face would always smile.

That moon has never risen from anyone.
If it did, he was born with a smile.

O Joseph of Josephs, you sit
On the throne of justice with a smile.

That door which has been closed all this time
Is open because of you.

O fountain of life, you came,
And the fire and the earth smiled.



140.

Verse 1540

○ cupbearer of drunks,
O one who holds the hands of drunks,
Don't ever forget
To be loyal and faithful to drunks.

O cupbearer of thirsty drunks,
The ones who worship wine are thirsty.

Turn the wine from hand to hand.
Don't try to cheat and deceive.

Page 25 of original Divan, Volume II.

Offer us the opportunity of Absence.
The ones who exist here
Are longing for non-existence.

Since our Kaiser is at Kayseri,¹⁶
Don't show us Babulistan.¹⁷

Wherever there is wine, the assembly is there.
Wherever He is, a rose garden is there.

Give us a glass that resembles the sun.
Raise the sapling of the ones
Who have fallen from grace.

Believers deserve to see the beauty of God.
They don't look at either Harezm¹⁸ or Dehistan.¹⁹

The unbeliever stands to protect
The believer from the evil eye
The same way he puts up a donkey's head
As a scarecrow for the orchard.

If that beautiful is not in his heart,
He has certainly settled down in our hearts.



141.

Verse 1550

That beauty who is the enemy
Of soul, mind and faith
Came by, walking jauntily.

That charmer who plunders
Hundreds of thousands of hearts
And ruins hundreds of thousands of stores,

The beloved who causes
Hundreds of thousands of troubles,
The one who has become
The rank of admiration to thousands of admirers,

The one who is a nanny
To the same malice of the mind,
The friend and, at the same time,
The enemy to the soul, came again.

What could he do with that worthless mind?
He needs the intelligence of Lokman.²⁰

Why should he accept that ordinary soul?
He wants a soul like Bahr-i Umman.²¹

He came and asked me about the tax of this village.
I told him that this village was old and poor.

I said, "Your flood carried away the big cities.
What could a small village do against it?"

"Treasure is hidden in ruined places," he said.
O Muslim, that is our ruined place.

Give me that ruin. Get out.
Don't knock it down. Don't talk nonsense.

It is a ruin because of you. When you leave,
It will prosper with the justice of the sultan.

Don't try to deceive. Don't hide behind the door
After saying, "I will go."

Don't turn yourself to death.
Become alive with human soul.

Put your work in front.
Make sure that it is God's work.

I'll tell the rest of the gazel secretly,
Because it is impossible
To tell that part in front of the immature ones.

Be silent.
There are hundreds of thousands of differences
Between tongue's word and Furkan.²²



142.

Verse 1566

Reason has eaten opium from love's hand.
Mind has gone crazy.

The love of the insane
And the wisdom of the prudent
Are both crazy and insane today.

The river that flowed to the sea has become sea.
The river has disappeared.

Reason has seen a sea of blood with love
And has gone to sit right in the middle of it.

Waves of blood have washed over his head
And carried him from every side
To the land of Absence.

In the end, he lost himself totally.
He became rejuvenated and beautified with love.

He reached such a level of ecstasy
That neither sky nor earth existed.

He didn't have legs to continue,
But he would lose if he continued to sit.

Then, suddenly, from that annihilation,
From that absolute light's world,

He saw a flag made of magnificent light
And hundreds of thousands of spears.
He was overwhelmed.

His tied feet started walking.
He started a journey
In that amazing desert. He kept walking.

"Maybe I will arrive there and be freed from myself
And the ones who are lower than me,"
He was saying.

Suddenly, two valleys came into view.
The first one was fire
And the second one was like a rose garden.

He heard a voice saying, "Jump into the fire
So you can enjoy the rose garden."

That voice continued,
"If you go straight to the rose garden,
You will find yourself right in the fire of a stokehole.

"If you throw yourself into the fire,
You will ascend to the sky on the wings of angels.
If you go to the rose garden,
You will be submerged in the ground like Karun." ²³

Run. Get out from all bondage
And look for the mercy of soul's sultan.

That sultan is Shemseddin, whom Tebriz praises.
But he is above all praise. It doesn't matter
How much you praise him.



143.

Verse 1584

It is time to break the vow of repentance.
It is time to be free
From the trap of thousands of repentances.

It is time to untie the hands of heart and soul
And then tie the hands of sorrow.

It is the right time to see the soul's beloved,
Kissing and bruising his ruby lips.

It is time to be washed in the fountain of life,
To purify the body with this water.

It is time for the resurrection of Your union.
How long will we be sitting here with hope?

If that beloved unties and breaks one bound,
Pay attention. Look: There are hundreds
Of bandages and ties with that action.

O Shems of Tebriz, whom everybody worships,
O soul who escaped from the rose garden!



144.

Verse 1591

Wake up. Pour the morning wine,
O beautiful one
Whose face resembles the bright sun.

Have the souls who came recently from the journey
Sit at your table
And feed them with your old blessing.

Those souls flew in their dreams last night
And perished in the land of Absence.

Every soul wanders in a different city
Like a vagabond.

Beat the drum. Blow the whistle.
Bring those birds down from the sky.

Have them pass out of themselves.
Take all the gifts they brought from the journey,

Because the rose with the leaf
Doesn't get the whole benefit of the rose garden.

It is necessary to have a mind
That is already tired because of the mind.
A confused man's guidance is not good.

If a raven becomes the guide on the journey,
Thousands of ruins will appear with every step.

O my God, You come and heed our cry
At the tower of our sultan's city.

Close this road,
Because camels fall asleep on this road.
The camel jockeys become drunk.



145.

Verse 1602

O bright light, don't run away from us,
So thousands like me will come to life.

Hundreds of narcissus, hundreds of jasmine
And hundreds of iris bloom
From the heart of every thorn.

Every branch will give thousands of fruits.
Every new rose will become thousands of rose
gardens.

You are like light to the essence of night
Or like oil to the essence of light.

You are like light reflected
On the windows of the house,
Or You are like windows
For the house whose doors are all closed.

You are like David's hand to armor²⁴
Or like armor to a fighting Rustem.

Page 26 of original Divan, Volume II.

The sun has plunged in fire for You.
The moon has set its harvest for You.

Nobody can take the revenge
Of spring against winter
But You.

Garden and meadow are all exalted
Because of Your fervor.
The rose has torn its sleeve and skirt
Because of Your love.

O my friend, as long as You are my head,
I won't be afraid to go in debt.

When You pass through the bazaar,
Both men and women lose their consciousness.

Soul and body are ruined in the night
For which You are the morning wine.

That morning wine acts like a Turk
And tells the Indian²⁵ night, "Sen-sen."²⁶

Your Turkish behavior
Is better than Bulgar's tribute.
Your saying, "Sen-sen,"
Is like waylaying thousands.

You say, "Stop." I will keep silent,
Because You are the One who makes me talk.

If you twist the strings of heart's rebab,
I will come to words like "ten-tenen-ten."

I was a silent, immobile earth.
You created me. You made me drunk.

I'll give up existence, become earth again.
You create me in another form.

Be silent. Words are also another existence.
Obey the order of, "Be silent,"²⁷ and be mute.



146.

Verse 1621²⁸

*L*ove says to me, “Be adorned.” To be adorned,
In our view, is to have full faith and believe.

Don’t look at anyone but us,
So you won’t become blind.
The eye of belief and understanding
Don’t go astray with opinions.

The one who is afraid becomes despicable
Cannot have pleasure.
Don’t suffer at our side. Be safe and secure.

How could one who falls in My love perish?
If I become someone’s aim,
How can he be sad and sorrowful?

Love is our envoy to you. Here is a beauty.
But we are more beautiful than that.

Grief is getting difficult, but be content.
Separation is more difficult than grief.

Whoever wants to ascend
Should take this advice.

O one who is engulfed in sorrow,
Come and be freed. Reach your desire
In our town. What a beautiful town this is!



147.

Verse 1629

○ my friend, forget your reproach.
Help us out of our difficulty.

O my friend, don't run away from us.
Separate us from grief and trouble.

Thought entered my heart like a thief,
Made me drunk. Destroy this thief.

Show the joy inside of grief.
Be faithful in the world
Where there is no faithfulness.



148.

Verse 1633

You came late. Don't go early, O one
Who resembles the soul's departure.

To come late and leave early
Is the rule of the rose at the rose garden.

You asked me, "How are you?"
I am in the same situation as a fish on hot sand.

O my sultan, what would happen to the town
Where the sultan became unjust and unfair?
I am in that condition.

I am not without you, but, as you know,
There is another secret self inside of you.
That's what I am asking from you.

Sunlight exists in the darkness of night,
Especially in July, as a form of heat.

Among birds, only the bat
Is happy in this form of light.

The rest of the birds, who are against the bat,
Want brightness as well as warmth.

We told of the habits of two kinds of birds.
O one who reads this gazel, which kind are you?



149.

Verse 1642

⓪ One who is the enemy of reason, sweet Soul,
O the brilliance of Moses, his Mount Sinai,

O my friend, soul doesn't have the power
To tell of the straightness of Your trace.

Whatever I say or write, You read
Long before it is written.

O doctor who cures diseases
Without violet or wormwood,

O One who sends sustenance
To the needy without bags and sacks,

The pleasure that is not at your side
Is like raw fig juice, dragon bites.

You pick up two pieces of brick,
And You create vise²⁹ from this one
And Ramun from the other.

Then, You scratch and crush these forms.
They become a handful of dust again.

In front of You, your creation of forms,
Sultans are like toys.

Hit two jars against each other.
One would break the other.

Then, the one who breaks the other
Would start boasting, saying, "I broke you."
In fact, You are the One
Who breaks with the hand of creation.

You give form to the wind. It becomes
A peacock, falcon or a peregrine falcon.

At night, You cut the sleep of passengers.
That is to say, "Wake up. Don't sleep."

Sit and watch in your heart
All the forms I create in the land of images.

Watch the illusionary forms externally.
Find the real ones in your heart

I have done this for You
So You can praise my pen.

All these forms are prey tonight.
Don't take the saddle off the horse.

Hunt all night long until morning.
Ride your horse. Don't think of bed or pillow.

Don't sit if you are Mecnum.
Keep turning around Leyla.

Sultans are giving alms tonight.
"Alms are for the poor and needy."³⁰

If you are looking for God's measuring cup,
You will find it in Benjamin's sack.³¹

You turn and walk around a lot. It is enough.
Start praying. Decorate your ears
With the word *Amen*.



150.

Verse 1664

Profits for the body are gold and possessions.
For the heart, to increase friendship.

The garden and meadow are dungeons
Without friends.
The dungeon becomes a rose garden with a friend.

If there weren't the pleasure of friendship,
Neither man nor woman would be born.

The thorn that grows in the friend's garden
Is better than thousands of cypress or iris.

He has stitched our love together
Without the need of needle and thread.

If the house of the universe is dark,
Love opens sixty windows in that house.

If you are afraid of arrows and swords,
Love is made of many suits of armor.

Love will tell your own maturity.
Hold you breath. Be mute.



151.

Verse 1672

One who fought with me yesterday,
The one who drank wine and became belligerant,

O friend, for the sake of the last night of union,
Don't treat me with anger like that.

Page 27 of original Divan, Volume II.

If you have heard bad things about me,
Don't hide them. Tell me.



152.

Verse 1675

*A*m I more beautiful than you are today?
How are you without me and with me?

No. No. Don't say *me* and *you*.
Forget these words.
There is no difference between you and me.

You are above the sky, without yourself.
I was without myself for years.³²

I am in skin. You are a taste of grape.
You consist in fluid.
Where am I? Where are you?

When that Hatim-i Ta'i³³ left stinginess
The door of generosity opened and he
Yelled, "I am. I am."

Yet, I gave up both stinginess and generosity.
I am better than Hatem in generosity.

You are a beautiful-faced soul.
I am the one who holds the mirror
In front of that beautiful face.



153.

Verse 1682

*A*re we in more joy or are you, O soul?
Are we more pure and clean
Or is this heart of mine?

We are all falling in love constantly,
Watching and admiring our own face.

Are we more drunk than the glass?
Are we cleaner than soul or heart?

You look at our face, then the face of love.
Which one of us is more expert, O friends?

Believe in love. We are blasphemy.
You look at belief as well as disbelief.

The sound of belief and disbelief
Are singing the same song with the same melody.

Even the knowledgeable
Cannot understand these words.
How could the ignorant understand this?



154.

Verse 1689

Have you seen what that fairy-face,
Moon-face, Jupiter-face beauty did?

All idols have fallen on their faces
With the love of fiery-faced Abraham.
All the beauties have been defeated by him.

When he turned his face to the unbeliever,
Disbelief turned into candles of faith.

Because of that beauty
Who walks swaying from side to side,
The whole world turned into a smiling paradise.

He knows maybe two thousand spells.
Alas, if he starts sorcery!

Out of contrariness to the heart
That became saffron-yellow,
His face brightened to a spring-like red rose.

The sun scattered camphor
To the face of night
Which is dark like ambergris.

Yellow bottles changed to tulips
Because of that red, ruby-colored wine.

Love has grown. On the other hand,
Reason has become lean and weak.

My face has turned to wine-colored ruby.
How long should I be inclined to become a jeweler?

Enough. Either don't provoke instigators
Or forget about being a poet.



155.

Verse 1700

O beautiful, why are you deceiving me again?
Why are you cheating me with deceit again?

You are calling to me with kindness in every
breath,
O my friend, why are you deceiving me?

You are life. Life is disloyal.
Why are you deceiving me with loyalty?

When heart cannot be satisfied by rivers,
Why are you deceiving me with a water-carrier?

Eyes turned gray without your moon face.
Why are you deceiving me with a staff?

Praying is our duty, O my friend.
Why do you try to deceive me with prayers?

Why are you deceiving with fear and hope
The one you already gave the decree of mercy?

You said, "Be content with God's fate and destiny."
So why are you deceiving us with chance?

Since my trouble doesn't have any cure,
Why are you deceiving me with remedies?

You made us accustomed to eating alone.
That is fine, but why are you deceiving us
With the sound of Sala?³⁴

Since you break our harp of joy,
We condone that.
But why are you deceiving us
With that three-stringed instrument?

You are caressing us without us.
Even in a situation like that,
Why are you deceiving us again?

My soul has put the belt of service at your temple.
Why are you deceiving us with heavy garments?

Be silent. You don't want any one besides you.
So why are you deceiving us with offers?



156.

Verse 1714

O my beautiful, the lion and the gazelle
Have both become prey to your face.
How could such a face be hidden?

Try to cover as much as you can.
If you want, cover your face
With layer upon layers of veils.

The sun that rose from the sign of Libra
Reflects on the window of heart and shines there.

The clamor of love has filled the land
Of absence and existence
With the invitation, "Come in."

O charmer whose sweet ruby lips burn reason,
Her arrow-like eyes are looking for a heart to
pierce.

That beauty wanted me to tell thirty more verses.
Drunkenness gave me this temptation.

But, a house has appeared on the other side.
I sold thirty verses to one beyt¹⁵



157.

Verse 1721

Tell of the brightness of spring.
Tell of the joy of the tulip garden. Tell.

Drink wine without suffering
The trouble of the wine seller.
Tell without going
Through the pain of the branches of thorn.

O nightingale, O one who sings thousands
Of stories, tell of the beauties of spring.

O slave, whose ear has an earring!
O lover of the rose, don't scratch behind
Your head and your ear. Tell.

Tell of the stature of the cypress, the face of roses,
From the top of the juniper and cypress.

Autumn is gone. The rose showed its face.
Climb to the cypress and praise the rose openly.

If they ask you what the essence of the grape is,
Don't look at the leaves. Tell.

Don't hesitate to tell if you want to hunt
Hundreds of lions and hundreds of rabbits.

If you want to have your apology accepted.
Talk about the beautiful-faced flowers.

If you want to have a decision from the drunks,
Praise those drunken narcissus eyes.

Be a cupbearer to us today.
We want to drink wine and sing loudly
During the bright daylight.

Drunkenness has come and shines.
Boredom has gone.
Now, tell hundreds of times, thousands of times.

O glass which has wine, turn.
O fine-stringed harp, play.

O wise one who respects God,
Tell how you will obtain God's blessing.

We are waiting for you. Come,
Don't keep us waiting. Tell us quickly.

Don't blame. Don't criticize,
Saying there is nothing to give, to donate.
I brought the scattered. Look there.
Come and tell quickly.



158.

Verse 1737

○ wise one who talks so nicely,
O one who is the praise of the greats, talk.

Even if every experienced one has been lost,
Still, pick up the glass and start talking.

Get up. Defeat reason. Check that
Mature and ready wine. Talk.

Page 28 of original Divan, Volume II.

Offer wine so we all become soul.
Talk so that slave can become master.

The window is not enough.
Pierce the cover of the roof and talk.

Drink the night's wine
That is offered by the cupbearer.
Since you have become drunk, talk.

Pick up the glass that comes from the thirsty
And resembles pure gold. Talk.

The dry grasses of the world have changed
And become different.
How did you free yourself from that grassland?
Tell us.

I have closed my lips. O sugar-lipped beauty,
You tell the rest without words.



159.

Verse 1746³⁶

Oh son of our spring, come. Right now
The rose says, “Don’t worry about anything.”

Love is telling you clearly,
“Heaven is for you. Don’t leave.”

All mutes and frozen deaths
Are talking today.

Even the ones who are hidden,
The ones who gave up, are smiling
And have reached their desires.

Beauty is reflected and appears with charm.
Drunkenness and maturity also cover beauty.

From now on, if you see him angry,
Don’t believe it. It is not anger;
It is charm and coyness.



160.

Verse 1752

You promised me. What has happened?
I am here. You are here.
Where is that promise? Show me. Where?

Deceit and cheating are not good
Regardless of who does it.
Where is the loyalty of that false promise?

You closed your lips,
Like the rebab player's virgin daughter.
Where is the immodesty? Where are the favors?

O one whose promise resembles true daylight!
Where is that candle?
Where is that light, that spark?

How long will you be swearing and talking badly?
Where are those proper, heart-catching words?

Get up. Bring him to me.
O people, where is your help?

O ones whose hearts have become stone,
Where is that mine of agate?
Where is that chemistry?

Either cast a spell or blindfold our eyes.
Where is the magician? Who will untie our knots?

He opened his wings and flew to the sky.
O heart's bird, where is the air?

By God, he didn't go.
He wasn't the kind who would go.
We are the ones who passed out of ourselves.
Where are we?



161.

Verse 1762

Did you see what this unique beauty did?
He found an excuse the other day.

Where did he send us and you?
He stayed alone at the house
With two or three fairies.

He has deceived us and gone.
Really, who are we against his magical acts?

Doesn't he have that chain in his hand?
He ties the neck of time with that.

He could even pull a trick out of stone.
Applaud him. What sweet stories he tells!

When he frowns,
Mind disappears immediately.

Heart is like a nail at his door.
He got himself stuck on his threshold.

Once he grabs the waist of a mountain,
He pulls it to himself like a piece of straw.

In fact, that Kafdag³⁷ also came like the phoenix
And made a nest next to him.

He has mounted a horse of magnificence
And has a whip in his hand.

Pearls have been put to shame
After seeing his agate that scatters pearls.
They are melting one by one.

Even raziyan³⁸ cannot relieve
The discomfort caused by his love.

Heroes are the only lovers.
The rest of the people remain in the bladder.

Cupbearer, offer the wine.
We are the drunks left over from evening.

Pour water, because the fire of heart
Is rising to the sky, flame by flame.

I used to have the Koran in my hand all the time.
Nowadays, I hold castanets with love.

The mouth which was busy with tespih³⁹
Now has poems, rubais and melodies.

The torrent has washed away so many temples.
What a torrent!
It appears like a sea, has no boundary.

Don't expect stories from me when I am sober.
The rebab doesn't sound without a bow.

Make me drunk, then listen to the stories
Of the sons of Kinane⁴⁰ from me.

The one who went beyond himself
Passes through the wall and walks in air.

The ones who are with themselves
Are lost in thought about God.
Once they who are out of themselves,
They drink wine like lovers.

I saw his lips drinking wine.
Who has ever seen Mug's⁴¹ wine on the lips?

What wine is that? God's wine. It is not wine
From the cellar of some man or woman.

A moon was born and shone from one corner
Of the sky. My heart immediately disappeared.

The amazing thing is:
Why does a person who has no heart and no soul
Yell and scream like a harp?

Don't listen to the troubles of love from the sober,
Because the sober one's soul and lips are all cold.

Have you heard that ice maker talk about fire?
Has anybody ever heard that?

Be silent. Quit claiming to be the best.
What talent could put a quail in front of a falcon?



162.

Verse 1791

The moon came. So did an army of stars.
The sun ran away like a rider.

Where is the eye that could look at this moon
That is beyond day and night?

Page 29 of original Divan, Volume II.

How is the eye that can't see the minaret
Able to see the bird on the minaret?

Time by time, the cloud of our heart is gathering
That moon's love. At other times,
He scatters it, particle by particle.

When your love is born, your anger subsides.
You will be out of work even when you
Have a thousand things to do.

Since, at the end, rock becomes ruby,
It is not considered being idle.

When you arrived at the quarter of love,
Did you see the cut-off heads along the side?

Don't run away. Come and see the ones
Who were murdered
And have come back to life a second time.



163.

Verse 1799

O my beauty, life is frozen without you.
Music and dance are dead without you.

We are knocking the knob of love's door.
Yet, you lock the door and keep the key with you.

Every fire is alive because of your breath.
Mercy to this counted breath!

We are raw. Come and burn us
Like brushwood in the fire of love.

We didn't drink any body's milk.
We grew up with Your milk, like Moses. ⁴²

O friend, as dear as our eye,
Don't stay behind the curtain.
A curtain in the eye is not good.

Don't talk too much about love. Drink love.
Talking is not like eating and drinking.



164.

Verse 1806

One who sees right,
How did you see the right eye?
Where is the eye that sees?

What has that fateless drop ever seen?
The seeing eye is full of the pearl of loyalties.

The one who spent money for Tutya⁴³
Cannot see well.
The eye is the one
That appreciates the worth of Tutya.

The eye of the one who is beyond day and night
Is waiting and watching you, day and night.

Eyes will keep moving like particles
On the light of your face that resembles the sun.

Without you, two eyes were soul's enemy for us.
Now, they've become soul for us because of you.

O ones whose eyes are scattered like their hearts,
Your eyes are, in fact, inside of your hearts.

Every eye is a separate light from Him.
The One who sees is different than our eyes.

When eyes see God, it seems
That God is the One who sees.

When the eye of the mountain looks at God,⁴⁴
An eye appears on every stone.



165.

Verse 1816⁴⁵

One who gives alms and things in his hands
To goods on credit, I wish God
Would award you everything on credit.

I wish God would award first trouble
And promise salvation by installment.

Everything was cash before you. All became
An installment because of your bad omen.

O one whose face is old and worn, I wish
This brand-new prosperity would be without you.

Because in your ominous fortune,
Death is first. Life is on terms.

I wish everything for you
Would come on time except death.

Since you sin now and repent later,
You may get berat⁴⁶ tonight on installment.



166.

Verse 1823

Soul came down from body's ride
And arrived in this simple land on foot.

The torrent came and snatched the soul,
Carried it away.
That torrent is bigger than the sea.

The soul opened both his eyes
And saw himself as fine water.

This water was as sweet as sugar, boiling up
And fermenting like wine, all by itself.

People kept their eyes on soul, looking.
Yet, soul's eyes were fixed on himself.

There was no one who prostrates.
No place to prostrate. No praying rug.
Soul was prostrating to himself in such shape.

He was kissing his lips saying,
"O joy of soul! O joyful soul!"

Everything is born from something.
O soul, you were not born from anything.

Soul is like a camel. The body is like a bridle
That pulls it toward the city of Tebriz.



167.

Verse 1832

We are the ones whose eyes and souls are confused.
Look at the lovers who are out of themselves.

You are like a moon. We are the one
Who turns around your face like a bewildered sky.

Reason is the shepherd around every situation,
But cries for help come from that confused shepherd.

Thousands of lights sparkle in the eye,
But this eye is bewildered like a candlestick.

A bewildered wave of lights is appearing
In the East and West from the secret universe.

There is a sultan beyond this dead universe.
There is another world which is amazed by love.

But you say, "Show me a trace of that world."
The confused only show the trace of the confused.

In a black eye, the white part of the eye
Appears filled with blood.
The tongue of a confused person
Is the eye for him.

Watch the face of Selahaddin
And find the expression of admiration there.



168.

Verse 1841

We are the ones who have fallen in love
Since time has no beginning of its beginning.
The rest of them are all merely spectators.

But the spectators are tired and bored.
Only that red-hot heart who eats lightning remains.

We are friends and acquaintances
Of the sun like the sky,
We are not concealed like the stars.

We are pointed out by fingers. We are known,
Obvious like a camel on top of a minaret.

Nothing remains of us but an image. Even that
Has been broken to pieces and will disappear.

The ones on the journey look for a remedy.
There is no remedy as long as existence persists.

They stay raw like iron, copper or rock
In the fire of love.

They have all plunged bravely
Into a sea that has no boundary.



169.

Verse 1849

Get that table right in the middle.
Put that bowl in front of the lovers.

Bring lots of bread, because it is a shame
If someone at the table complains, saying,
“I don’t have bread.”

Once you have enticed the body with bread,
Pick up the soul, place the body in front of the soul.

Today is your judgment day.
Get up and step on the sky.

Make a ladder out of love’s fire.
Lean it against the dome of the sky.

O Venus, put an arrow to the bow, like a Turk
In order to be protected from the eyes of the Hindu.

If heart is hurt from a wound,
Open another wound on top of this one.

Put a seal on our mouth, since you
Are constantly pointing with your eyes.

O teardrop, since you have already passed
The door of the eye,
Go there and put your head on the threshold.



170.

Verse 1858

Page 30 of original Diccan, Volume II.

Alas for the beloved who has been angry,
Who swears with anger.

He raised hell in the house among us,
Brought a porter and took all his belongings out.

He put a big padlock on the heart
And went away. He left the key.

O my beautiful, life has become bitter without you.
The light of joy has gone.

Wine has become sour without you.
Music and dance have been frozen without you.

O red complexion! O white skin!
I have become pale without you.
My night has become very dark.

O one whose love tears curtains,
For one breath, show your face
From behind the curtain.



171.

Verse 1865

⓪ that happy day when we are gathered
And you are also seated among us!

O one who breathes with us, come closer
So all the broken, fallen and pale
Will come back to life.

These two or three words are the news
From heart to you.
Listen to these broken words.

Just say once, "My man, my creature."
So I will be free from all trouble and torture.

Take those hands from your face
So I can harvest
Bouquet after bouquet of roses.

Once you open your mouth, scatter sugar
And watch the parrot which is freed from the cage.



172.

Verse 1871

One glass is better than a hundred thousand souls.
Get up. Pawn our garments.

We repent from ourselves as well as from our friends.
We are not leaving that village.

Wine paints us one color,
Then big and small become the same.

The poor has emptied himself.
Offer the wine of absence. Offer.

Pull the bow string. Stretch that bow.
We are the bow; that wine is the bow's string.

Reason that has been so skillful can't stand.
That's what the fat and the old deserve.

We are not suffering, but who sees that?
You carry the load. He keeps saying "ih."⁴⁷

Escape from sorrow. Go where the sultan is.
Vacate this temporary house.



173.

Verse 1879

O beloved whose heart has turned to marble,
What can we do with rock marble?

Is there anything left for bottles against marble
But to be crushed and broken into pieces?

You are smiling like the morning
So the stars will die in front of you.

When love opened his arms,
Thought ran away and hid in the corner.

Patience saw the route of thought
And tried to ride that horse alone.
But he also ran away in one direction.

Patience died. Love remained.
He was crying and, at the same time, complaining.

A group of people
Stayed out of your crushing and squeezing.
They became like empty pulp
And scattered to the ground.

Their lungs are full of blood,
But they are searching on this road,
Looking for an answer to their troubles.

For that reason,
We became a total stranger to reason
And a heart that has thousands of irons on the fire.

In fact, love is greatness and kingdom.
Poetry is its drums and its flags.

Stay away. Our master is very angry.
Every dawn he keeps looting everything.

Leave that alone. Tell about separation;
Even words are scared with the fear of separation.

O Muezzin,⁴⁸ iman⁴⁹ has run away.
You also come down from the minaret.



174.

Verse 1892

Tercet-Bend

One who gave me pain,
Give me medicine, too.
Don't darken the world.
Give life to the universe.

Your pain is a remedy for us.
Heart's eye is blind.
Give light to that blind eye.
Make him able to see.

I become hopeless with every sorrow.
Give new hope to this desperate one.

Put salve on the eye that cries for you.
Offer the glory of Mustafa.

First, give the ability to give thanks.
Then give blessings.
First, give patience. Then give trouble.

If there is no loyalty in the soul or universe,
Give them loyalty with Your compassion.

Your nature is very beautiful.
Give kindness as a favor.
Your work is to donate gifts.
Give them to us.

Give a beautiful sound to the reed
Which has been nourished with your breath.

You are the one
Who put this padlock on the heart.
Send a key, send someone who opens it.

No one could stand Your anger.
Calm this anger and give us contentment.

Grief attacks us like Munker-Nekir.⁵⁰
Save us from them.
Send us to someone who is kind.

Mercy to that cry and this yell comes from the ney⁵¹
Which I made the same with Tercî.

Since you are aware of all pleading,
You will give mercy to us from this fiery condition.

Grief and sorrow have come like guests to us,
But what bloodthirsty, rough guests they are!

He eats thousands of souls in one morsel.
What is the value of a half-soul in front of him?

Every slap of his is Zulfekaar.⁵²
Every one of his meanings and subtle points
Is like a sword.

The mouth of the sea is bitter because of him.
How could such a mouth be bitter?

What is the sea? Even the sky
Wears a blue dress because of His majesty.

We have grown and matured with love and caresses,
Nourished by the graceful beauties of the world.

We are accustomed to the wine
Which is served by the hand of the cupbearer
That resembles the town of sugar.
We are accustomed to the wine of Selsebil-Teshim.⁵³

We have weddings and feasting with dancing,
Sugar-lipped beauties with every moment.

It is a shame that joy and pleasure
Are gone with only one try.

Page 31 of original Divan, Volume II.

It is a pity that the gathering of pleasant,
Witty people are all spoiled,
Gone because of this kind of heaviness.

Beloved, the third Tercî has come
Surround us with joy and pleasure.

Heart has fallen in the well. Pull him out.
Don't keep him waiting helplessly there.

If you make him a promise, saying,
"We will pull you up tomorrow."
These flames and sparks will burn him today.

Pardon him for this imprisonment of separation,
For his restless, weak soul.

Even if he is a tyrant and guilty,
Consider him innocent and broken-hearted.

He was submerged in blood like a tulip.
His cheeks became pale yellow like saffron.

He wants to die from Your wound.
That is all his concern and business.

The one who is befriended by God
Doesn't care for other friends.

Don't leave the person You call one day
To the hand of time.

He is at the bottom of the grave of grief.
Your thought is the friend of cave for him.

He remembers last year's union
And this year melts down like a moon.

Open a road in this desert for him.
Show a moon in that dust.

If I tell the rest of the them,
I will be too late for a glass and wine.



175.

Verse 1928

Assembly is like a candle.
You are like water.
A candle is ruined by water.

The sun is shining on the gathering.
Go away.
You resemble the cloud.

Don't sit at the table.
You are really raw.
If you are kebab, where is the smell of kebab? ⁵⁴

You claimed to be the doorkeeper.
You are not. You are the door.

The doorkeeper has all the signs.
He knows to which door you belong.

You are riding a wooden horse.
Keep running with your ignorance.

Either choose the love
That comes fast and first
Or, if you want good deeds, be devout.

Hang around with the awakened,
Because this caravan has already gone.
You are still sleeping.

If you find the way to Tebriz,
You will reach the halting place
With the help of Shemseddin.



176.

Verse 1937

O unique, peerless beloved,
How long will you be sleeping?
O sultan of time,
How long will you be sleeping?

How long will this slave wait at your window?
O brightness of the house,
How long will you be sleeping?

O charmer who put an arrow
In his bow-like eyebrow,
Throw that to the target.
How long will you be sleeping?

Hear our story. We became the fable of love.
How long will you be sleeping?

We put our head on your threshold like a nail.
How long will you be sleeping?

If the jar is not closed,
Save the wine which is left from last night.
How long will you be sleeping?

Serve the glass of wine
That sits in the middle like a candle.
How long will you be sleeping?

O my sultan, The night of Kadir⁵⁵
Is coming to an end. Hurry up.
How long will you be sleeping?



177.

Verse 1945

I drank wine last year.
I became such a drunk this year.

I passed through fire last year.
I turned into roasted meat this year.

I went to the creek, thirsty.
I saw a fish there.

All the lions look for moonlight.
I am also a lion.
I am a friend of moonlight.

Don't ask about my trouble.
Look at the color of my face.
That color will answer you.

My soul is drunk. My body is ruined.
My soul is like a drunk who sits
In the middle of the ruins.

Soul and body are drunk.
Heart is even worse.
It resembles a donkey, stuck in the mud of grief.

Don't become bored for even one moment.
Listen so you will attain good deeds from God.



178.

Verse 1953

One who holds the halter of time,
O one who opens the door
Of the paradise of meanings!

Your Lahut⁵⁶ is what makes everything
Appear and scatter.
Your Nasut⁵⁷ is the ladder of wishes.

One who looks for You by direction
Will be expelled by *You will never see me*.⁵⁸

O my Beloved, how long will You kill me
With the words of *You cannot see me*,
Destroy me with *You cannot reach me*?⁹

Page 32 of original Divan, Volume II.

How many times will You turn me from your door?
How many times will You invite me to your door?

How many times did His soul
Take my soul in His arms.
How many times did He sit next to me
In the land of absence?

For some time, He dressed me
And gave me food and drink.

And for some time, He made me drunk
With the glass of wine
Among the friends and musicians.

O heart, enough. Don't talk too much.
O tongue, for God's sake, be silent.



179.

Verse 1962

One who scattered my sleep,
You went to sit in the corner.

You showed us a rose garden of absence.
How can we be patient with existence now?

In what shape has the soul who has met you
Become with the hangover of separation?

How can we call a house a house
After you break its pillars with separation?

O drunken head, you thought you were
Saved from the trouble of hangovers.

There is union and separation in love.
There is a hill and valley on the journey.

You recognize God one way,
Then you worship the mud ten ways.

here is still a long way
To reach the place your heart desires.



180.

Verse 1970

Go. Go ahead,
Now that you have passed this world
And are freed from trials.

O painting, you went to the Painter.
O soul, you reached the Soul of souls.

Eat the fruits of faith's free now
Because you have passed from a cruel place.

Plunge into the fountain of life like a fish.
You have gone through the dry foreign land.

Go like the sun from one sign to the other,
Because you have passed through the stars of the
sky.

You have returned to your origin again,
Have given up this house and this store.

Which way did you go to namaz?⁸⁹
In fact, you passed through the secret road.

Come back again. Tell us about the state
Of that side of the world you have left
Because of your nature.

Tell about how you passed
The path which is more narrow
Than the bridge of sirat⁶⁰ behind the caravan.

You turned around the roof of the world,
Then drained down like water from the gutter.

Be silent. You gave up all
The silent ones in silence.



181.

Verse 1981

One who destroys our sleep,
You went and sat in the corner.

O One who gives life to every heart,
In the end, You broke my heart with grief.

O heart, since you have been caught in His trap,
You are free from the bonds of thousands of others.

You are saved from the hangover of both worlds.
From now on, you will be drunk
From the glass of the Beloved.

Keep flying with the wings of troubles,
Because you are the confidant of Elest's⁶¹ rose
garden.


As long as you had dregs
You were on the bottom.
Go ahead now, ascend to the top of the sky,
Pure and clean.

O Joseph of love, you show your face
And make thousands of drunks cut their hands.



182.

Verse 1988

 cupbearer, the one who serves night's wine,
Annihilate all my attributes with one glass of wine.

Give me the wine whose source
Is not spoiled by water or by torrent.

Feed joy. Flow with pleasure.
Don't be afraid of the criticism of slanderers.

Don't make the ignorant or greedy drunk.
Give to the wise ones.
Make them pass out of themselves.

Captivate my mind with the beauty of your cheek.
Annihilate my self with your eyes.

Ruhul Kudus⁶² will manifest. Good news!
My eye, my sight will be freed
From these six dimensions.

There is no fear of the end of essence
Because of death.
Death can cause no damage to him.

But don't give any hope of salvation to me.
Don't give either security or mercy.

Tebritz is my life. Otherwise,
Consider me like the one who died
And has been gone for a long while.



183.

Verse 1997

O eye, you haven't been weakened from tears yet.
O heart, you haven't yet turned into blood
From separation.

O mind, has your soul turned to stone?
How come you haven't become
The source of hundreds of crazies?

Since you haven't given up love
With the influence of every spell,
This talent in itself
Is better than hundreds of talents.

But, heart has a complaint from you.
Why aren't you becoming a harp from crying?

You haven't smelled a fragrance
From the thoughts of the Beloved.
You haven't given up your own thoughts.

You haven't been warmed by the sun
Because you are unable
To get out of your body's shell.

Since you have seen the whirling of the sun
How come you haven't turned into a particle?

Since you have seen Ilizirs fountain of life,
How come your aren't purified,
Taking on the color of water?

He hangs even smart birds upside-down.
Thank God you don't have any talent or skill.

Even the lifeless learned something
From that lesson. Yet, you haven't become one
Who is remembered as a "learned"⁶³ one.

O Shems of Tebriz,
Before, you were soul to souls.
How come you are not now?



184.

Verse 2008

In the end, you saw the rose and the thorn.
You saw the morning and dark evening.

Since you have seen forms and colors,
You have spoiled so many colors
And have broken so many forms.

You have passed through the land of mud.
You saw that dirt and soil.

Now, you are settled in the rose garden
And smile like a rose, because you
Have already seen the soul of spring.

You realized the gain at the end, then you
Gave up daily works and became idle.

Since you have seen the discomfort of a hangover,
Drink the wine that the cupbearer offers you.



185.

Verse 2014

It's a day of joy, a year of happiness
Because you arrived in our village.

Sorrow and darkness are all gone.
You brought a candle
And put it in the middle.

Is it possible that thought and worries
Are able to stand
As long as you have that glass of loyalty?

O wine, from which jar do you come?
O moon, from which moon are you born?

You are drunk. You are cheerful.
You are the sultan of heart. You are Keykubad.

You took the mind that is the adviser of grief
And you gave it to him.

Bravo for you. You tied the feet of sorrow
And opened the door for hundreds of joys.



186.

Verse 2021

The flag of spring, the army
Of exuberance and restlessness is coming.

Page 33 of original Dixan, Volume II.

The rose garden is lifting the veil from its face.
The nightingale has started singing again.

The tulip has picked up a glass.
“O drunk narcissus,” it says,
“How are you?”

The violet has prostrated today,
Asking for help from God.

Those tulip-faced beauties of the mountains
Are showing their faces from the cave.

They are searching nicely for someone to choose;
I wonder, who are they going to cheat, my God?

Don't belittle the jasmine.
Don't look down at the meadow,

Because, it is not nice
To despise God's guests.

Listen to the secret language of every leaf.
They say, "Whatever you see
Is what you harvest."

Even the oxen has come to speak
After praising and thanking God.

Your apology is not accepted
If you don't thank the one
Who gives a beautiful face and cheeks
To a piece of brick.

That brick found life, gave branches and leaves.
Its soul is filled with gratitude.

Hundreds of fruits are like bottles
Of different fruit juices, every one of them
Is beautiful in a different way.

If you are grateful, they are sweet like sugar.
If you have a hangover, the others are sour.

Be silent and listen.
Don't preach to people,
Don't read the Koran.



187.

Verse 2036

There is a Hizir⁶⁴ in your heart
At the garden and meadow,
At the fountain of life.

If Hizer knew what you have,
He would give up the fountain of life.

You resemble the spirit of Noah's ark.
You are spring at the rose garden of soul.

You will put your flag in the secrecy of Absence
If the drum of existence is torn.

Even if the four elements⁶⁵ are destroyed,
You are the essence of all four.

You are the first hunter of existence.
Every element in the world is your prey.

O One who adds one work to the other,
Sometimes you tie, at other times you untie.
What business are you in?

He is like a great cypress.
You resemble the shade.
He is the southern wind.
You are like dust.

He put the salve of awareness on you.
You thought you could do whatever you wanted.

Even this sky doesn't turn by its own will.
Who do you think you are
With your size and weakness?

Are you the one who created you from nothing?
Why are you sticking your neck out?

Your fear is evidence to you
That you are afraid of someone.

Nobody's heart is afraid of himself.
Nobody asks for help from himself.

For that reason, your fear and your hope
Are the proof of the existence
Of a sultan who has achieved His goal.

When you rise above fear and hope,
You will reach security
Like the attributes of God.

The boat is afraid of the sea,
Not the other way around.
You are also like a ship on the boundless sea.

When your ship of self is wrecked,
Be silent. Leave words.

Who could carry off a wrecked ship
Besides the restless waves?

That sea of favor, of kindness
Is the captain of all ruined ships.

Be silent. The tongue of mind is sealed.
Sit at your place. Darkness falls.



188.

Verse 2056

○ light of the eye of the sultan,
Praise God, what do you have? What?

There is a candle in the corner of your heart
That doesn't fit in the sky.

Even the sun becomes ashamed
In front of that candle that becomes a particle.

It is time to sow in the body's soil the seed of words,
That seed you have already mentioned.

What would happen
If you rained the water of life on the face of bile?

What would happen
If you made God's rose sapling
Smile on the lover's tulip garden?

If You scratch their heads once,
They will step above the sky.

If You step on them and crush them,
The grapes of existence become wine.

O God's Shems of Tebriz who is everyone's temple,
You are such a favor that you are thousands of
springs.



189.

Verse 2065

The one whose head you kindly scratch
Loses his mind and everything else.

What is in that look?
My God, one look of Yours brings resurrection.

Heart has stolen a pearl from your ruby lips.
You are interrogating him because of that.

Force your thief, no problem.
You will be the one
Who will suffer and assume his troubles.

Pressure him,
Because he hides all the belongings of a believer
Like a pickpocket.

O One who lifts His slaves from the thorny land
And raises them up, do favors with his kindness.

O One who gives us back
All of our losses with benevolence!

O One who springs and flows
Love's rivers in our heart's garden!

O One who grows branches that carry tasty fruit
With the water that comes from those rivers!

O One who takes our hearts openly in his hand
And later gives them back to us, secretly!

Yesterday and day before yesterday are all gone.
Soul is waiting to see
What You will do, what You will give.

That falcon who catches
Thousands of different prey
Has a ration from You every day.

Take the cover from the eyes of the falcon
So it will fly over the valley freely.

He is the One who did kind favors for me
Before the beloved.

In the end, I became drunk
With that kindness and righteousness.
I was almost unable to drink wine.

Kindness comes. Green grows from the garden.
Hopes that deserve spring come from that spring.

Yet, hundreds of springs,
Hundreds of gardens put their heads
Down in shame in front of His face.

O spring's breeze, O love,
What do you do for broken hearts?

Be silent. Open the wings of love
And start flying.

Be silent so you can ride
With hundreds of different means besides sound.



190.

Verse 2085

O soul of earth, why are you running?
O praise of sultans, why are you running?

To what kind of work do you send us?
Why are you running secretly?

You go like an arrow, then come back.
But now, why are you running away from the bow?

Page 34 of original Divan, Volume II.

You have thousands of treasures,
Why are you running away
From that little bit of loss?

There is no end to your sugar.
Sit here. Why are you running?

Mouth is the confidant of all sugar.
Why are you running from mouth?

The world has found mercy because of you.
Why are you running from safety and mercy?

This world is a wolf that eats humans all the time.
O heart why are you running from the shepherd?

Be silent so that words are losses altogether.
Why are you running toward speech?



191.

Verse 2094

Why do you ask the story of our situation?
You are not afraid to kill lovers.

O love's pearl, in which sea are you?
O love's fire, on which side are you?

Who could find the way to reach Your place,
Passing through the sky from Arsh⁶⁶ to Kursi?⁶⁷

O heart, you are heart, not a cauldron made of iron.
How long will you be boiling with the fire of love?

Soul, heart and self, burn all three of these.
How long will I be saying, "I torture myself?"⁶⁸



192.

Verse 2099

If you keep having anxiety at work,
You can be sure your exuberance will fade away.
You will turn into cold ice.

Your fury comes from your anger.
It may look like sugar,
But it is poison that hurts you.

A blind rat is angry.
How does that harm the barn
Of the one who gives blessings?

If a few flies gather around
The sugar of the candy man,
What is the harm?

If one who milks breaks a cup,
What happens to the milk of the camel?

It was night. Everybody was asleep.
Nobody's mind was in his head.

That moon did a favor and started
To play the zurna,⁹⁹ causing excitement all over.

If you don't see that side
And stay behind the curtain,
You will shed your own blood.

With Shems of Tebriz' love,
We talk with love,
At the same time, keep silent.



193.

Verse 2108

O charmer of Sufi lovers,
Your soul would never hear nor understand.
God forbid.

O separation, we become like *lal*,
Bent over and turned
Into *Kef*⁷⁰ of Kufi writing.⁷¹

If you turn, you turn around yourself.
Even if you sit at home,
You would still do *tavaf*.⁷²

Love us. Be our friend.
You are the source of love and friendship.

Secrets are revealed by your explanation.
You cannot make every one of them public.

You won't eclipse like the moon.
You are not the moon to be eclipsed.

You don't eclipse like the sun.
You are not the sun to be eclipsed or darkened.

O engineer, we are at the house of one.
You made thousands home for you.

O one, join the thousands
Because you are in danger here.



194.

Verse 2117

Garden, meadow spring, great cypress,
We won't leave here. We won't go away.

Uncover your face. Close the door.
You and I are the only ones here.
No one else is at home.

We are friends and peers of love today.
Raise our glasses without worrying about anything.

O musician whose voice and ney are beautiful,
You have to sing nice and loud.

O cupbearer who has good manners
And has attained his desire,
Serve us wine, quickly.

Serve that wine so we'll drink nicely
And later sleep in the eternal shade.

The drinking is such
That it is not through the throat and stomach.
It is such sleep
That it is not the result of evenings.

O heart, rub this glass to your eye,
To your face. That's what I want.

You will reach maturity
When you become totally annihilated in wine.

With the wine of *The Lord shall give drink*,⁷³
You will be saved from death, cease to exist.
From the time you strike the tent,
You will reach eternity.

Quit being a thief,
Then don't worry about the punishment
Of the mayor while you are walking.

You are asking, "Where is a safe, secure place?"
Go. Go away. You are still in the question stage.

O day, with this beauty, what kind of day are you?
O day, you are more beautiful
Than a thousand years.

O day, the rest of the days
Become a slave and servant to you.
They are separation. You are union.

O day, who could see your face?
O day, you have great beauty.

You are the only one who can see your own beauty
With the eye that you pull by the ear.

O day, you are not the day
That comes with morning.
You are the day from great God's brilliance.

The sun prostrates every night
And pleads greatness from Your moon.

O day, hidden among days,
The day which is billeted
In the land of permanency!

O provision of day and night,
O kindness of North and South!

I should quit using wise words,
Because you are beyond every maturity.

You cannot be explained with words.
You are more openly manifest
Than words or sound.

Words reflect images.
Yet, you are above image and illusion.

That image, that surmise
Have been thirsty for you.
O one who gives freshness
And cleanliness to water!

Surmise and image are both submerged
In soul's water; but their mouths are dry
In this world which is filled by Your presence
And, at the same time, Your absence.

The rest of this gazel is behind the curtain,
Hidden from you because you are bored now.



195.

Verse 2143⁷⁴

○ my friend, fill up the glass from the jar
Which has no beginning of the beginning.

With those ailing eyes of yours make me well.
Make my wishes come true.

O brave one who has settled down here,
You took a journey for love, moved from your homeland.
A guest always looks for the one who is settled.

“Secret favors of the one who gives favors
Is good news for you,”
Says the one who sees you for even one day.

The one who reproaches me with the advice
Of his own mind doesn't know
Of this eternal fountain of my love,
This gushing, boiling fountain.

I swear you are a garden of beauty.
O heart, be as you are. Stay here.

Have you spent one day as a drunk
In the land of union, O heart?

Our master, Shems of Tebriz
Has beauty, charm and generosity.



196.

Verse 2151

O friend whose union is the water of life,
You are the one who knows the way of our salvation.

Don't go away from our eyes.
You are the light.
Don't leave heart. You are soul.

When you go away from my eye,
My soul cries secretly.

Page 35 of original Dixan, Volume II.

In fact, who am I to ask
How I can look for Your union?
You are the one kindly pulling me toward You.

O heart, even though you are earth's Kalender,⁷⁵
Don't go to the tavern,

Because there are masters
Who have gambled and lost all their belongings.
There I am afraid you will cheat and be left alone.

If you go,
Go after you put on the dress of disappearance.

If you are in love with the arrow of that bow,
Don't cover your chest with a shield.

Somebody asked me how it is to be in love.
I said, "Don't ask for those meanings."

When you become like me you will see.
When they call you, you will also start calling.

Get inside bravely.
You are a brave-like lion.
Why are you scared like a woman?

O beautiful, whose rose cheeks
Belong to the land of absence.
The pink color of my face has become pale,
Like saffron.

O charmer who blows autumn wind in me
While falling in the fancy of the spring of beauty,

O one who saves the garden
From the torture of autumn,
You have given the duty of interpretation
In talking and listening to this piece of flesh.

You have given the same secret words
To the languages of prophets
With the secret
That has no beginning of the beginning.

You have given immortality to the soul
Of the attained at the time of their death.

You have given guard's duty to the mind
That has bad thoughts at the roof of the skull.

You have given
Drunkenness, charm and seduction
To the eyes of the rose-faced ones.

You have given the talent of understanding,
Of reflection, precaution and comprehension,
Of complicated matters to two drops of soul's blood.

You have given manhood, bravery,
And masculinity to love.

You have taken away those five lights⁷⁶
From the people every night.

This was the advice of Senai,⁷⁷ "If you want
To see clearly, gamble with your soul."

O Shems of Tebriz, you are brilliance
From the whole,
Because you are the ight of the rose garden.



197.

Verse 2174

A sugar buyer came, saying,
“A caravan has arrived from Egypt.”

Hundreds of camels came, loaded with sugar cane.
O my God, what a beautiful gift.

Suddenly, a candle was brought
In the middle of the night.
Life came to the dead one's body.

I said, “Talk openly.”
“So and so has come,” he said.

Heart jumped swiftly out of its place
And put up a ladder from the mind.

He ran toward the roof with love.
He was looking for evidence of that news.

Suddenly, he saw a new world,
Entirely different than ours.

A sea that covers the whole world is inside of a jar.
A sky is in the shape of the earth.

A sultan is seated on the roof
Dressed in a guard uniform.

A garden, meadow and endless paradise
Are all in the heart of the gardener.

This image has been moving in the heart,
Telling about the sultan of hearts.

O one whose image is in my eye,
Don't run away for some time
So my heart will be refreshed.

Shems of Tebriz has seen
The world of absence
And has dwelled in that world.



198.

Verse 2187

*L*iving without You is Haram.⁷⁶
What is life without You?

Living without Your beautiful face
Is nothing but the dead
Which was given the name *Life*.

The world is poison. You are the antidote.
Living is a trap. You are the bait.

This world is like an ink pot.
You are a pearl.
Life is a glass. You are wine.

The rose garden becomes bare
And filled with thorns without Your water.
Life is raw and uncooked
Without Your boiling and exaltation.

Life won't become mature
Without Your mature beauty.

To attain all the wishes and desires without You
Means being unable to reach the desire of living.

Life doesn't give greetings
Until You give greetings.

I'll keep silent. You talk.
You are the Sultan.
Life is the servant and slave at Your temple.



199.

Verse 2196

There is no shame or disgrace
In the drunkenness of love's wine.
The value of that love's wine
Cannot be matched with any prize.

The wine has been renewed
By the love that resembles the assembly,
But it is impossible to call.

Mind started to tell his stories,
But soul said,
"I don't have time to listen now."

I looked for that cleanliness from the soul.
"Yes," he said, "there is cleanliness,
But only for a short time."

I said, "Neither gold nor chemistry
Measures You. Don't hide from now on."

These worlds that resemble lightning
Come from Him. There is no one else
Who adds soul to soul, catches heart.

He said, "You are making a mistake.
I am Hasan's⁷⁹ father, not Abu-I Ala."⁸⁰

“For the sake of your narcissus eyes,” I said,
“Don’t kick me out with style and coquetry.”

“Your blood-thirsty eyes killed thousands of people.
But nobody asked for blood money.”

“O one whose greatness is nothing
But God’s greatness, thanks be to God
That you are the one who has no self.
You are without self.”

“Even if you are not with your self,
Nobody will be able to take you out of you.”

If you call existence absence,
How could I tell you why?
I would overstep my limits.

You are a magnet, soul resembles iron.
He comes like a drunk, without head or feet.

I submit myself to fate and destiny
After I warm up with the first glass.

When wine goes above my head,
I have no other course
But to surrender to wine
Or accept whatever it does.

You have those black, curly hairs
That are divided in the middle.

There is nothing for that,
But they are for the wind to kiss and caress.

O morning breeze, I burned.
I kept waiting for you so it would be morning
And you would blow. But there is no morning.

Now, O Kalender^{*1} what can we do with this knot?
There is no one who can untie it.

Since you are not our protector all of the time,
This is also a secret of God,
One of his caprices.

Shems of Tebriz
Whom everybody has made a temple
is such a sun that there is no other in the sky.



200.

Verse 2217

“O heart,” I said, “why are you like that?
How long will you be hanging around this love?”

Heart said, “Why don’t you come?
Wouldn’t it be nice if you came
And tasted the pleasure of love?”

If you knew the fountain of life,
You wouldn’t choose anything but love’s fire.

Page 36 of original Divan Volume II.

O one who for charm has turned into wind
And is filled with wine like a glass,

You are the source of forms, like water.
You show them all.
You are in control of beauty, like a mirror.

Every ordinary soul who doesn’t understand love
Knows you through your appearance,
Sees you as a form.

It seems like you are on earth,
But you are the essence of sky.

O one who has been crushed to powder,
You are the salve for the eyes of faith.

O ruby, from which mine are you?
You are a beautiful stone.
Place yourself on the ring.

If you are filled with hatred like a sword,
Thousands of mercies would be ashamed of you.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are not only beautiful;
You are a great helper in the world of meaning.



201.

Verse 2228

When love starts scattering sugar,
A secret moon comes with charm.

When you see sugar, keep coming.
You eat by yourself
And also give it to anybody who wants it.

Roll over whenever you want.
You are on grass in the garden and meadow.

Whether you put the crown on your head or not,
You are the Sultan of sultans.

If you could see the things I don't tell,
You would understand when I tell them.

When they open your eyes suddenly
To the big cities of the world,

You will look around,
Bewildered like a new-born baby.

When that world catches your eye,
This world will dissappear completely.

Run to Shems of Tebriz
So all meaning will be opened to you.



202.

Verse 2237

Cupbearer of meaning's wine,
Offer me that purple-colored wine.

Increase the power of youth
With this wine that has bitter answers.

We will watch the beauties of soul
At the palace of the sultan of sultans.

Watch the souls that turn into bright morning
From the pleasure of last night's wine.

You will see this world is bewildered
After seeing the circle of beauties in that world.

The world will send the moon from the sky
As a gift to their assembly.

Venus, who has been the small musician of the sky,
Starts playing beautiful melodies.

They are all together.
We have privacy with charmers
Who are full of meanings.

That sultan has put his cheek to our cheek.
You know the rest of it.

Who is that sultan? Shems of Tebriz.
He is the sultan of sultans of this magnificent earth.



203.

Verse 2247

*L*ook at the faces. They've become pale like saffron.
There is a trace of sorrow in those faces.

Look at the city that resembles a fall garden
And has become sick from troubles.

This pain is the result of that majestic order
That comes from the sky, the sorrow of separation.

This fear has blackened even the sky
With its fire and continuous secret wailing.

It is a sudden hell that comes from inside of joy
And grows constantly. Look and see.

A cry comes from everywhere.
O one who is the friend of lonely ones,
You are the only one who knows that.

He said that this separation
Is temporary help for eternal separation.

It would be nice if God
Saves us from both separations.

I said that and my mouth is closed.
Tell the rest of it if you can.



204.

Verse 2256

○ One whose union is the origin of all joy,
Those are but forms.
This One is the essence of meaning.

Don't stay away from me for even one moment.
A ship doesn't go anywhere without water.

I am an imperfect Koran;
When you do the reading, I become perfect.

There is one Joseph and a hundred wolves.
But when you become a shepherd, Joseph is safe.

I ask you every moment, "How do you do?"
With my tears and pale, saffron-like face.

Those signs are for the people.
You don't need any sign.
In fact, your trace never appears.

You hear the words
That have not been spoken.
You read the paper
That has not been written.

You see dreams without sleeping.
You sail ships without the sea.

Quit praising. Beg a little, because the words
*You will never see me*⁸²
Have come from the land of absence.



205.

Verse 2265

○ sultan of players, whatever you know
About the beautiful one, play that.

O beautiful-voiced one, I want you
To read two Asir^{sa} from his beautiful Koran,

Such asir that every letter of it
Gives a fountain of meaning to the listener.

Sin should say, "Accept now,"
And *nun* should say, "You will never see me."

O curly, curly hair of his,
How well do you tie the feet?
O eyes of his, how merciless are you?

O red rose, the red satin you tear
Is made by the light of his narcissus eyes.

I can't finish this poem.
You tell the rest of it in this manner.



206.

Verse 2272⁸⁴

You are still angry
In spite of this love and mercy of Yours.
But still I am in love with You.

You broke this glass world to pieces
By saying, "You will never see me."⁸⁵

The world has been shaking
With continuous earthquakes
Because You are carrying
Your belongings from the house.

Hundreds of thousands of the sick
Are crying because of You.
They cannot live without You.
You also know that.

Earth is like night. You are the sun.
People are nothing but forms and models.
You are Soul.

They are all in the struggle
To earn their daily bread,
So they are not aware of soul.

When Soul moves from his place,
They all start screaming.

When the sun eclipses,
Joy and pleasure disappear.

When He is around,
No one notices or remembers Him.
But, when He hides, alas!

O beauty of the struggle,
Life of the bazaar,
The taste of house and store!

Be silent. Gossip is a curtain
To the sea of meaning
That hangs in the balance.



207.

Verse 2283

I used to hear that you are the soul of souls.
That's what you are,
Even thousands of times better than that.

I used to hear of your shape and form
From the people. Those I heard it from
Were not of your shape and form at all.

With the hope of you reading through my mouth
"Praise to God," I gave up thanking God.

Page 37 of original Divan, Volume II.

Who has ever seen a soul
As charming as he is?
Who has even seen a spirit
As lucid as he is?

O one who is the nutrient to the soul,
Like meaning, O charmer whose form
Is more beautiful than meaning!

O my beauty, the truth of the land of absence
Came to the world of existence
Because of the pleasure of your essence.

O happiness of sultans and vizier!
O youth for an old world!

You caught the soul that escaped
From this world and brought it back.

When you became soul to this world,
This temporary world became immortal.

The tongue of soul is sweet,
But still, it doesn't match your language.



208.

Verse 2293

Tercet-Bend

O one who is the voice of that world,
O friend who came to call us,

We were waiting for your breath.
How lucky it is that you are
The envoy for the world of absence.

Since you are the parrot of that sugar's land,
Tell us about that spring.

We have become frozen and pale,
Withered from the tune of cold autumn winds.

You save us from the old one's deceit;
You lead us to that youth.

The sugar that he offered us turned into poison.
His work, his trace became ice cold.

You know better. We are gone.
Bring some antidote that will cure us.

Pull us out of this poisonous pasture.
You are Moses and, at the same time,
The shepherd of our time.

We are the entrusted of Suayb⁸⁶ to You.
Feed and take care of us with mercy.⁸⁷

Lead us to the sea's coast,
Lead us to the garden.

Take us there so we will be nourished
By the jasmine and irises of meaning,
Grow and become rejoiced.

These envoys are hidden
From the difficulties of bored ones.

O one who is the light of both my eyes,
O one who pulls us to Soul's grave,

Don't take us from that grave
Before we are satisfactorily fed.

That three-month old baby
Who has been weaned from milk
Becomes weak and small like a new moon.

Give soul's baby to the arms of the nanny
So the baby can learn to crawl.

Since you heard our cry,
Don't act like you haven't.

The branch holds tightly
To the unripe fruit.

It is afraid that the fruit
Will fall prematurely and rot
Before it gives pleasure.

Soul is not worse than this non-living one
When it has a nanny like a choice mind.

O one who bites my face in the early dawn,
I want three kisses from you.
That is my right.

But you are tired today.
I would settle for only two kisses.

Be silent. He is a charmer with kindness.
His disposition is excellent.

Come to your senses. Don't sleep.
Otherwise thieves and pickpockets
Will rob you and steal your hat.

The sins of that self became bigger and bigger.
It was a worm before. It has now become a dragon.

Night is like a corpse, illicit;
Day is fat, a robber and a busybody.

Go, flag carrier, ask for help
From some master who has the right, solid idea.

There is no city without a ruler.
Is there a creature without God?

The world would be in chaos
If there were no rule, justice or punishment.

The sword is the answer
For all the ills and troubles of the world.

It is time for a big war.
Get up, O Sufi, and start to fight.

Squeeze the neck of fame with hunger.
Don't get excited by soup.

The generosity of the poor is to offer soul and body.
This is the essence of all generosity.

Burn with that fire. His fire
Is the secret chemistry for every immature one.

Be silent. When the cupbearer
Becomes fire, acts like a waterseller,
The fire turns into brilliance.

To universal intellect, which talks while silent,
Hundreds of greetings and worship from us.



209.

Verse 2329

The day You take me from myself,
That thing that You know,
Don't let it be lost from me.

Don't lose it so I can become divine radiance,
Have beautiful appearance with You.

Page 38 of original Divan, Volume II.

As long as I am with someone like You
Who is the fountain of life,
Why should I cry about death?

I don't mind if I die because of Him.
That death is better than young age.

Give me alms
From your secret pearl harvest.

Don't write my paper under someone else's name.
Get me out of this road of trials.

Be silent. What do you have in your hand?
Rain has started. You are like a stream.



210.

Verse 2336

*A*s long as you play, don't strike the plectrum
On the wrong side. You will miss the tune.

The bride of earthly pleasures is very old.
If you take her, it means to wish her death.
She'll die soon.

As long as she hides her face,
She is totally divine light.
But when she shows her face,
She turns into something like smoke.

Since you are brave in love, run away
Like a piece of straw from the torrents of trouble.

Like running water,
You must give life to every plant.



211.

Verse 2341

Do I talk about your lips or not,
O beautiful whose lips cannot be measured?

O charmer, our words
Would be slave and servant to the moment
When we are annihilated and only you exist.

There is nothing but mistakes on our side;
There is nothing but gifts on your side.

Here, to talk is the body.
There, it is only soul and presence.

Stars keep walking, but they don't have feet.
Hundreds of leather water bags move,
But the water carrier doesn't appear.

They were sick like Job,
Then they all became well.
But there was no medicine around!

Their eyes became blind like Jacob.
Then they started to see without salve.

They go on a journey like fish.
They see their own way, but there is no light.

I closed my mouth because of your jealousy,
But there is no end of your sugar.



212.

Verse 2350

A decree came for my blood
From all the muftis^{ss} of meaning.

Tell the people to stay away
From my deceits, problems and witticisms.

I asked the heart if he likes to be like that.
He said, "Yes. Yes."

My heart grabbed a small rebab^{ss}
And started to play, saying, "We are all right."

Because this reproach comes from existence,
There is no reproach at my place.

I cannot even fit in my own place.
How could anybody else fit there? Say, "No. No."

If you become I, you can't see Him,
Because time is night, eye is blind.

But how can you see as long as you have this eye?
Our seal is not on self's money.

O one who doesn't even care for himself,
You may as well go to Tebriz
And hide behind Shemsheddin.



213.

Verse 2360

Since you are running
Toward friendship and fellowship,
You have to wash your face first.

If you have a headache from a hangover,
Don't give it to your brothers.

Either take care of the smell of your armpits
Or get out of the arms of the beloved.

If you are engaged in the work of a moon-faced,
Violet-haired beauty, is it proper
To cry about daily worries and troubles?

If you are looking for prey
To catch without the trap,
You are looking for impossible things, like me.

If your ear gets red from drunkenness,
You are a man of Sema. You can make expressions.

If your mind is not aware of your ear,
You are not one layer, but thousands.



214.

Verse 2366

Cupbearer, be fair. What a beautiful face you have.
I can't find a place for you.
Where do you come from?

If I call you human, you are better than that.
If I call you God, I am afraid of that.

You don't keep me silent.
So I will keep quiet.
But you don't give me the ability to talk either.

You are squeezing and crushing me like a grape.
You are not the beloved. You are trouble.

It is blasphemy to close my eyes from you,
Because you are adding light to brilliance.

If I open my eyes you say, "Don't look at me.
You see me with eyes of desire and fancy."



215.

Verse 2372

Wake up. Start singing the melody
About the beloved who caught a heart.

It is time to drink the morning wine.
Talk to us. Open your heart to us.
It is time for prayer. Don't hesitate. Call us.

Open that big jar that makes people
Tap the floor and clap their hands.

There are hundreds of knots in the heart.
The only thing that can untie them
Is the wine of the heart.

Move the restless one
From his place with the big glass.

Since there is no loyalty in existence,
The land of stability
Is only the desert of absence.

There is not even dill on the table of earth.
Why are there so many thorns?

The world is like a carcass.
Those people are dogs.
Who has ever seen generosity in a dog?

Cupbearer, call the friends.
The friends have not seen anyone like you
Who adds soul to souls.

We are bewildered, like copper and iron
In front of secret chemistry like you.

Pour wine on the brains
So the humdrum of life comes from the people.

Soul will become drunk and fall on the ground.
From that moment on,
He will not be able to separate praise from blame.

When Plato becomes drunk from this wine,
He cannot differentiate trouble from remedy.

Serve an old, sedimented wine.
So that reason cannot separate sediment
From cleanliness and pureness.

Offer a drink to the ones who talk about logic
From the glass of the ones who drink morning wine.

Offer that, so logic won't search
The poor people's bag
Or beg for the poor one's bread.

Be silent. To create existence from absence
Is your business.
This work is given to you.



216.

Verse 2389

Jump. Spring has given sala,⁹⁰ calling everybody.
Come like a morning breeze to the garden.

Learn how to dance from the branch of the tree.
Hear voices from the tulips and the mountain.

Sweet basil tells a secret to the meadow.
The nightingale asks for a song from the rose.

Grasses are being exalted by the wind.
A familiar air is blowing from the sea.

Watch the crying that resembles the tear
In the eyes of the bride from the cloud
Which has become pregnant from the sea.

Look at the growth of the hyacinth
And the stature of the cypress
Caused by the cloud and the smile of the lightning.

It seems the dove's ear has set a trap for them.
It looks like he wants to learn excuses.

The narcissus is saying to the iris,
"All right. Say praises mixed with blame."

O iris who has a thousand tongues,
Tell the story of phoenix to the other birds.

Page 39 of original Diwan, Volume II.

The iris says, "Be silent. I am drunk
With the most valuable wine."

"I am drunk. I am not myself.
I don't know if wrong words
Are coming from my mouth."

You turn your face to the sultan
Who dressed the flowers in silk garments.

The willow tree talks by shaking its head, saying,
"We are saved from the hand of the dragon."

O cypress, thanks for that,
And tap your feet and dance.

O soul, O world, we are saved from life's torture
That appeared so pleasant before.

We are freed from the anxiety of such friends,
Saved from the deceits of such impostors.

We are out of that cold winter.
What troubles it caused us after showing its face.
Thank God, it has gone.

That tyrant who brought all the hidden malice
Is obvious with his sinister appearance
And should never return.

Be silent. Watch hope
Without the trouble of fear.



217.

Verse 2408

You are such a great secret chemistry
That counterfeit or full carat
Are both the right currency for You.

There was a donkey on the road.
It was faster than a horse.
It became a guide with Your help.

If a dog steps in your way,
You will make him better
Than a lion of war.

Every creature's feet are broken by His love.
They are trying to open their wings.

If a fly falls in love with You,
It will acquire the wings of a phoenix
At Your door.

In order not to open the door of poverty,
Your kindness and favor said,
"It is easy for me."⁹¹

Be silent. Every difficult thing
Is easy in the hands of God.



218.

Verse 2415

One whose heart is like a moth,
When that candle adds joy to joy,
You will also start to dance and turn around.

When soul comes, not only will the body move,
But you will get out of the grave.

The big mountain disappears
When the sound of music reaches there.

This spring breeze invites
The branches to dance.

How could particles resist
When the sun starts dancing?

Fire and smoke both become lifeless
With the fire of a beauty's face
Who adds soul to souls.

O my beauty, you are the moon and soul
Without body. You are charming, sweet trouble.

We also sometimes become tall, sometimes short
With the shadow of a stately bird.

We become drunk from the lips of the Beloved
And start wailing like the ney.⁹²

We are riding the wind like a piece of straw.
We are rocking around because of an amber.

We are drunk from our blood like a mosquito.
We gave up heart's saucepan, O heart.

We are expressing ourselves in private and public.
We are in accord with everyone.

In appearance, we are ordinary people,
But in the land of secrets, Godly.

The greatest of the great,
Shems of Tebriz, gave this.
This is the proof of the essence of greatness
Without being exalted.



219.

Verse 2429³

☉ cupbearer, give us a cup of wine.
Dawn is about to break.

It is becoming illuminated everywhere. Come,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

O my cupbearer, O light of my eye,
Peace and comfort of my heart,
My elegance, my jewel,

O full moon, don't go away from here.
O my trust, my support, O my cure!

O praise of my mine, O my throne, my kingdom,
Why this shyness? Why this obstinacy?

You have no sympathy for me and my disposition,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

Since you have gained an inside from His look,
You will be mean and stingy if you become sober.

Since the situation is like that,
You are nothing but smoke,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

A mubahi Kalender⁹⁴ suddenly arrived.
Offer him wine, O cupbearer.

Offer it until morning,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

You are soul. You are the one who adds soul to soul.
You catch the heart with just one look.

For that reason it is easy for you to be disloyal,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

It is difficult to stay with that decision;
To act like spring against the autumn season.

It is difficult to be a friend to someone
Who is constantly on the run,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

We have been wounded by every no-good one.
That's why, O suspicious moon,
We are telling your secret,

Telling it in a very close way,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

You surrendered to love, then jumped and ran away.
Then, you washed the secret tablet of our heart.

We tied and you untied,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

There are thousands of brands
In our hearts from that fire.
Because of these scorches,
We turned into a thousand gardens.

We become eyes for every light with your pleasure,
O my trust, my support, my cure.

They say that secrets are a torment.
I believe that after the love of that Beloved.

No. No. Torment wouldn't dare get into this,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

O heart, how long will you be excited by love?
How long will you be boiling and exalted,
Being in love.

Silence is also good in love,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

O form, you are the image of a sultan.
At least you don't leave our eyes.

Don't go, O gift from the beloved's face,
Don't go, O my trust, my support, O my cure.

O garden that is separated from spring,
The rose is gone; only green remains.

At least you stay. Be patient, O green,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.

I made your advice as a friend to me
But I am from Tebriz. I am from Shemseddin.

I am just like that in the fire of love,
O my trust, my support, O my cure.



220.

Verse 2459

It is impossible to live alone,
To add soul to soul without You.
Where are you, O beauty?
In our eyes, in our soul?

Wouldn't it be nice
If you came by reading something,
Clapping your hands in our neighborhood
In the middle of the night?

We give our soul to you as gifts.
But what is soul?
Aren't you the soul of our souls?

If you climb the roof of your own house,
Fire will spread to the roof of the sky.

What is the sun in front of your face
That would talk about brightness and illumination?

Page 40 of original Divan, Volume II.

You are eyes for us, and at the same time, light.
You get rid of trouble and at the same time,
You are trouble to us.

O heart's eye, who do you show
To helpless eyes with every breath?

O drunk nightingale, such a smell of friendship
Is coming from your cry.

Cry! Wail! Those are the salve
To the wounds of separation.

Cry and wail so that from them
Something about God will be opened,
Will be known.



221.

Verse 2469

☾ moon, when you are raised into heart's sky,
You will enter the body of earth like a soul
And bring it back to life.

O moon, how beautiful you are.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

We have proof of your love.
We have sugar from your sugar-lips.

Give an alm from your ruby lips.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

O Joseph of soul, you are in the hand of captors.
There is no one to match your beauty, your charm.

Look at us because you will recognize us.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

We are so drunk with Your wine
That we cannot find a trace of ourselves.

We can't take it, but you still shine.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

I would sit under your tree
And harvest that soul-catching fruit.

I would see nothing but your face.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

Our soul becomes brighter
When we drink your wine.
Our ears hear better.

When we are out of ourselves,
Our mind comes to our head.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

Lovers are shining with your fire.
They have given up right and wrong.

They are like fire worshipers
Toward the kible of fire.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

O beautiful, of whom idols and idol worshippers
Are jealous, O charmer
Who gives peace to the heart of ruined drunks,

Don't stay away from the ones who are on your path.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?

O Shems of Tebriz, you are sultan
At the land of divinity
That has no beginning and no end.

Everything from moon to fish has obeyed your rule.
O moon, tell us, where are you from?⁹⁵



222.

Verse 2487

The one who sacrifices himself for love
Is not from earth. He belongs to heaven,

Because the soul who deserves the trouble of love
Should belong to the greatest of the great.

Wounds are the evidence of the real devout,
The head of God's lovers.

When trouble starts troubling,
This muddy earth touches the mud.

Yet, even trouble of His as small as a grain of barley
Is a gold mine.

O one who stands in front of the treasure,
Where are you? Look and see.

Every burn that comes from the sun of affliction
Is the shadow of the phoenix in the land of love.

O one who doesn't deserve even the smell of this,
You cannot be privileged by that trouble.

The body that deserves this world is Murtaza's,⁹⁶
The body that earned God's reward.



223.

Verse 2495⁹⁷

If you are a loyal friend,
If your full heart and soul are with us,

I want you to come here.
O moon, when will you be born?

Your work is good like soul.
Why do you stay out of the circle?

Isn't it sad for your friend?
O moon, when will you be born?

Get up with us. We are like one soul.
We know each other's secret.

Aren't we each other's friend?
O moon, when will you be born?

Make this understood: We are at the door of God.
Watch that. Where are we?

Watch, so we can enter from the door with smiles.
O moon, when will you be born?

O my world, O my soul,
Why are you like that? You see your lover,

Then run to a corner, making faces.
O moon, when will you be born?

How are you? How is your beautiful heart?
How is your beautiful face and slender stature?

I want to be in your company one night.
O moon, when will you be born?

In God's world, from moon to fish,
To the whole universe,

Whatever you ask will happen, from moon to fish.
O moon, when will you be born?



224.

Verse 2509

Tercí-Bend

You entered through the door
In the early morning, unexpectedly,
With the wine of knowledge in your hand.

You gave us a sad greeting.
O my God how beautiful,
What nice trouble you are.

You charm us, make us crazy, insane.
You make us yell, "Yes. Yes."

Absence and existence are all the same
As long as you show your existence in Absence.

O one who repents thousands of different ways
And goes on the path of the devout,

Repentance would know
That you are the enemy of repentance
When it sees your beautiful face.

Repentance runs away. Heart yells behind,
"Come back! Where are you going?"

Repentance answers, "The time has come
For me to die. Don't expect anything from me."

Even if repentance is a male dragon,
Love is God's emerald.⁹⁸

O player, listen to the verse
After the ninth verse of the Tereî
And twist the ear of the rebab."⁹⁹

O one who wears hundreds of quivers of repentance,
Pick up the wine glass and drink,

Because that ambergris,
That black ambergris smell of tangled hair
Is a merciless fate.

Page 41 of original Divan, Volume II.

O beauty of time, his deceitful soul won't help you
When his king pushes the rook.

To curl your lip trying to bite him like a cat
Won't do any good.

Prostrate in front of the face of that beauty
Who resembles the moon.
Don't turn your head like Satan.

The face of the beloved
Is beyond these six dimensions.
But all six dimensions
Are illuminated by his face.

The beloved is very drunk today,
Full of instigation
And engulfed in grief and troubles.

Soul has fallen in amazement
In front of his beauty that adorns
And, at the same time, is adorned.

Earth is filled with flowers from love.
Sky is also decorated with flowers from love.

Be silent. Drink your wine
So you will be freed from trembling
And saved from falling in dangerous places.

Since your ruby lips asked,
We would put a garnet seal on our heart.

Since you are our cupbearer and keep offering wine,
Sobriety is a shame and haram.¹⁰⁰

O mind, you are very powerful,
But don't look down at the drunk.

Even if you are attractive, pay attention.
Look carefully. You cannot acquire
The essence that he has.

Once he grabs your feet nicely,
You can't scratch your head
For even one moment.

You become so crazy and insane
That you attempt to throw seeds to black sand.

Once he has attained, the wise one is freed
From fiery eyes and will see life in death.

Radiance came and extinguished the fire.
The breath of spring, naturally, kills winter.

Night appears dark to your eyes,
But it is like morning to his eyes.

Love says to his eye, "You are drunk.
Beautiful dreams are flowing from your eyes."

It is enough. From now on,
Love should talk without me.

Heart has fallen in desires today,
Full of knots, like the beloved's hair.



225.

Verse 2541

*L*ove is brave, walks alone
And has only one dress.

O one who snatched the dice
From six dimensions and five senses,
The one who brought
The backgammon of heart-catching
And won the game,

O beauty who became one in both worlds,
O one who removes duality from one-hearted ones,

At last, from which origin and essence are you?
O one who is more pure and clean
Than time or space, from where do you come?

You are in front in the world of the silent ones.
You add soul to souls in heart's land.

O love, it is impossible to be patient with you.
O patience, you don't deserve this zeal.

Don't pretend not to see yourself like your own eyes.
Don't go away like a stranger.

We are clouds as long as we stay as we are.
When the shadowy self disappears from our self,
O moon, you become us.¹⁰¹

O soul, you open your hands for praying.
What did you see in front of the foot of grief?

O heart, you are asking for trouble with love.
What did He show you from fate and destiny?

“How much is this?” I asked from Love.
“You can’t assess its value,” He said.

You can have it if you come
To Sultan Shems of Tebriz
By making your head like feet.



226.

Verse 2553

Even if you come two thousands times a day,
You come to do something to soul every time.

You are coming like spring
In order to bring new life to earth.

All lovers have fallen into halva
Because you are coming like sugar and honey.

Offer wine. Take our willpower from us,
Because you are coming
From the assembly of total willpower.

The one whom You embrace
Will abandon people of earth,
Will withdraw to a corner.

It is better to keep silent in your temple,
Because you are coming from the Creator's temple.

We have been lost since we saw you,
Because you are coming from a well-chosen place.

O bird, you are coming by flying from the arch
Of God's throne. O lion, you are coming
From the gardens and meadows.

O sea that covers everything,
How nicely you are getting rough.
O wave, how restlessly you are coming.



227.

Verse 2562

Heart has been thinking about that beauty
Who belongs in the Messiah's religion.
I hope he won't fall into melancholy,
That he won't become sick.

Read *La havle* in prayer.
Choose the way of sanity.
Don't think of that charm, that beauty.

But when there is the opportunity to read *La havle*,¹⁰²
It is impossible to be patient with him
For even one moment.

How could a fish be patient with the sea?
How could soul's parrot give up chewing sugar?

How could faith and religion not be scattered
From those confused hairs that resemble a cross?

Heart has become like a red hot cinder
In the fire of Your face.
Reason starts measuring the cutting winds.

Why is heart the stranger of two worlds?
Because space is losing its qualities.

O body, how did you come to fall
In this earth's thorny garden?
How did you learn to chew thorns?

O reason, go and adorn the bride's face and head.
Be proud of this art.
In fact, you are adorning the whole universe.

Reason, get a job as teacher at that school
Adding more work to work, keep increasing.
But keep what you gather for a long time.

You are at the shore like a bird of Bu timor,¹⁰³
But there is no permission to wet your lips.

They are all gone, O cupbearer.
Be the water carrier for the ones
Whose hearts are thirsty.

What does the East do?
It only turns on the light.
What does a sultan do?
He acts like a sultan and governs.

When you clear away the black smoke
And polish the mirror,
The face of the earth sparkles and shines.

There is a wine from which the rest of the wines
Learned how to become wine.
Offer that wine which adds Soul to soul.

There is a unique pleasure that comes from that.
It is such a drink that even the soul of the attained
Has learned unity from it.

Whoever gets the chance to drink that wine
Will reach the rank of *God is the only*
Without falling into the anxiety of
There is no one to be worshipped.

How happy is that moment
When you show the carafe of wine to Your drunk.

When that essence of wine reflects on my soil,
My body's soil changes into glass.

The attributes of love's seas are overflowing.
If You order it, I'll tell the few words
Whose meanings are secret.

If You don't ask, I won't say them.
They'll stay as they are.
Only my beloved and I will know.

I gave that up, too.
Give me that red wine
Which settles the stomachs of thousands
And gives color to pale faces.

Page 42 of original Dīvan.

Offer it so day will be saved from daily troubles.
That Indian night should quit acting like lala.¹⁰⁴

You keep coming after words.
The door of Your ecstasy must be closed.



228.

*Verse 2586*¹⁰⁵

My force and strength have gone.
Neither my order nor my deceit remain.
I stayed up all night,
Yelling and screaming until morning.

He tortures me with the troubles of love
During the day and makes my day dark.
How can I tell you about my nights?

My troubles don't come to an end;
Neither do my love and longing,
Nor is my cup filled with Your approval.



229.

Verse 2589

Who has the trace of our charmer?
In whose house is that moon hidden?

Who sees his beauty without eyes?
Who has the world besides this world?

Show me the one who has the bow
That throws arrows to the soul.

There is a beauty in every corner.
But, O Sufi, look at the one who has the charm.

The appearance of people is nothing
But shape and picture.
Soul is the only one who knows who has soul.

All those are poor.
They all gather ears of corn.
Whose hand is the one that scatters pearls?

The world becomes like a hook
And doesn't even know what it is hooked on.
Where is the one
Who has information about the mine?

What a glorious time is the time of Shems of Tebriz!
But guess who was destined for that time!



230.

Verse 2597

Try very hard to get along with the Beloved
So you won't get in trouble, won't be alone.

If you know the secret of mutual understanding,
You will find the way to the source of life's water.

Walk in the shadow of the Beloved.
Be with Him.
Don't show a sign or trace of yourself.

Even if they serve a huge glass,
Don't hesitate to drink.
O soul, don't be sluggish.

O heart, don't accept any form from now on.
Turn into water and keep flowing like water.

The lack of soul is the reason to accept shape.
If you drink soul's wine, you won't turn into stone.

Come to the assembly of heart.
Joy and pleasure are over there.
All the friends belong to heaven.



231.

Verse 2604

Wake up drunks
So they can drink the wine that resembles soul.

O cupbearer of the wine of immortality,
Fill the jar that has no beginning of the beginning.

That wine doesn't go through the throat,
But opens the tongue.

O cupbearer, turn the soul, that great soul
That knows the secrets of Absence
Into a leather bag full of wine.

After that, bring that heavy bag to the side
Of the ones who drink morning wine.

Serve wine to so and so's son
With the glass of your drunken eyes.

Serve such a wine, eye to eye,
That the mouth won't even know.

Because the cupbearer
Has left secret wine like that at the assembly,

Be quick. Eye is searching for that obvious wine,
Drop by drop.

Pick up and show to the sky that leather bag
That resembles the musk gazelle.
That belly of sky will be split open.

Because the smell of that musk
Won't leave patience and decision to Joseph.

When the letter comes,
Prostrate to Shems of Tebriz
Who scatters pearls.



232.

Verse 2616

○ beautiful, after you took our sleep away,
You went and sat in one corner.

You kept us in a trap.
You jumped and freed yourself.

There is no faith and blasphemy beside your glass.
O God, how long are Your arms?

Peace is gone if we sleep, but we're not sorry.
Fortune is in our arms as long as You are around.

We will drink the rest of our life
And become drunk
As long as You are the cupbearer to lovers.

O Soul of form, form of Soul,
You loot the bazaar of beauties.

It becomes necessary to worship idols
Since Your image has become an idol for us.

Second mind, first self¹⁰⁶ came
Humbly to our temple.

All these words are my illusions.
They are not to describe You.
You are as You are.



This is the end
of the second half of

Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab Museddes

NOTES

- 1 Ehad: One of God.
- 2 ...even sky cannot carry: Koran XXXIII-72.
- 3 Keykubad, Keyhusrev: Legendary Persian kings.
- 4 Kulah: a conical hat.
- 5 Subhanallah: Glory be to God.
- 6 Eyaz and Mahmud: Characters in Persian mythology.
- 7 Ayet: Chapter from Koran.
- 8 "Who thought. . . : Koran XCVI-4.
- 9 Levh- i Makjuz: Tablet of God's decree.
- 10 Iskencubin-sirkencubin: A mixture of honey and vinegar given to lower the temperature.
- 11 Yahay: O God.
- 12 Hay: God.
- 13 Hatem: Proverbial for his generosity.
- 14 Abbas: A known crook.
- 15 Ahadis-i "God helps the one who makes all of his troubles just one. But one who has too much troubles will be perished, God knows were."
- 16 Karseri: A city in Central Anatolia where Mevlana's teacher, Burhaneddin Turmiz was buried.
- 17 Babulistan: The land of Babil.
- 18 Harezm: Country in Central Asia in the 12th-13th century.
- 19 Dehistan: Possible present-day Dogistan in the Caucasus.
- 20 Lokman: Koran, XXXI Sure's name is Lokman. Some accept Aesop VII-VI BC as Lokman, the father of medicine.
- 21 Bahr-i Umman: The sea of Oman.
- 22 Furkan: The divider of true and false. Name of Koran II-185, III-41, XXV-1. Name of Torah, old testament in Koran, II-53, XXI-48, III-4, name of Bible.
- 23 Karun: Legendary rich man. Kept his treasure in the ground.

- 24 "David's hand to armor:" Koran XXXIV-10.
- 25 Turk and Indian: Symbols of day and night.
- 26 Sen-sen: You are.
- 27 Be silent.": Koran VII-204.
- 28 Gazel 146: This gazel is in Arabic.
- 29 Vise, Ramen: Characters in Indian mythological love story.
- 30 ..for the poor and needy: Koran IX-60.
- 31 Benjamin: Brother of Joseph. Koran XII-70.
- 32 In the Konya edition this reads, "For years, you existed. I existed."
- 33 Hatim-i Ta'i: Famous Arab poet known for his generosity.
- 34 Sala: Invitation. At dinner time, one Mevlevi used to invite the other by calling, "Hu somata sala."
- 35 Beyt: verse, house.
- 36 This gazel was in Arabic.
- 37 Kafdag: Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 38 Raziyan: A medicinal plant.
- 39 Tespih: A litany of praise to God.
- 40 Kinane: 12th grandfather of the Prophet Mohammed.
- 41 Magian: Fire worshipper.
- 42 Koran XXVIII-12.
- 43 Tutya: Salve for the eyes, used to improve vision.
- 44 Koran VII, 143.
- 45 This gazel seems to be a satire for a religious fanatic.
- 46 Berat: Order conferring a dignity decoration.
- 47 Ih: Old Turkish saying is that "every coffee-bean crusher has someone to say "ih."
- 48 Muezzin: He who calls Muslims to prayer.
- 49 Iman: Leader in public worship.
- 50 Munker-Nekir: Names of two angels who ask question in the grave.
- 51 Ney: A reed flute.
- 52 Zulfekaar: Sword of Iman Ali.
- 53 Selsebil, Teshim: Names of the rivers in paradise.
Koran LXXXIII-27,LXXVI-18.
- 54 Kebab: Roasted meat.

- 55 Kadir's night: Night of power. 27th
Ramadon-when the Koran was revealed.
- 56 Lahut: Diety
- 57 Nasut: World of appearance.
- 58 "You will never ...": Koran VII-143.
- 59 Namaz: Ritual worship.
- 60 Sirat: The bridge between earth and heaven.
- 61 Elest's: Koran VII-172.
- 62 Rudul Kudus: In Islam, the angel Gabriel.
In Christianity, the Holy Ghost.
- 63 Learned: Koran II, 230.
- 64 Ilizer: River in Heaven.
- 65 Earth, air, water and fire.
- 66 Arsh: The throne of God.
- 67 Kursi: Upper heaven, supporting the throne of God.
- 68 I torture myself: Koran VII-23.
- 69 Zurna: A kind of shrill pipe.
- 70 Lal and Kef: Part of the Arabic alphabet.
- 71 Kufi: Cubic characters for Arabic writing.
- 72 Tavaf: The ceremony of going around the Kaaba.
- 73 Koran LXXVI-21.
- 74 This gazel was written in Arabic.
- 75 Kalender: A distinct Sufi sect.
- 76 The five senses.
- 77 Senai: Famous Persian Sufi.
- 78 Haran: Religiously forbidden.
- 79 Hasan: A random name.
- 80 Abu-l Ala Muari: Famous poet.
- 81 Kalender: A distinct Sufi sect.
- 82 "You will never see me." Koran XLVI-31
- 83 Asir: One tenth of the Koran is made up of thirty cuz.
Each cuz is divided in tenths. One tenth is call Asir.
- 84 This gazel was said before his death. There were
continuous earthquakes during the period.
- 85 Koran VII-143.
- 86 Suayb: Prophet.
- 87 Koran XXVIII-27.

- 88 Mufti: A Muslim.
- 89 Rebab: A three stringed instrument.
- 90 Sala: The call to prayer.
- 91 "It is easy for me." Koran XXXIII-30.
- 92 Ney: A reed flute.
- 93 Murabba form: the poem is "squared" rather than in quatrains. On verses 1,2,3 and 5 of this Murabba, the fourth lines are in Arabic. The rest are Farsi.
- 94 Mubahi Kalender: A Sufi order who sees everything, neither commanded nor forbidden by religious law.
- 95 This poem is Murrabba form. See note 93.
- 96 Murtaza: Iman Ali.
- 97 This poem is Murrabba form. See note 93.
- 98 When an emerald shines in a dragon's eye, the dragon stops. (Old belief)
- 99 Rebab: Musical instrument.
- 100 Haram: Forbidden by religion.
- 101 This verse is Istanbul University and Golpinarli's version. Not in Konya.
- 102 La havle: It is in the hand of God to change from one situation to the other.
- 103 Bu timor: A bird that walks around the water but won't drink because it is afraid the water will be depleted.
- 104 Lala: A tutor. A servant placed in charge of a boy.
- 105 This gazel is in Arabic.
- 106 According to an old philosophy: The nine levels of sky have nine active and nine passive potentialities. Actives are "mind" and passives are "self."

Typeset in Caslon 224 Book & Duc de Berry by
Powerhouse
 Los Angeles, CA

Printed & Bound by
Publishers Press
 Salt Lake City, UT

archegos



Love is flying to the sky
And tearing hundreds of curtains.

Love is to be free from self in the first breath,
To be lifted above the feet from the first step.

Love is to consider this world unseen
And to see one's own eye.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Divân-i Kebîr Meter 13

Gazel 137, Verses 1517-1519